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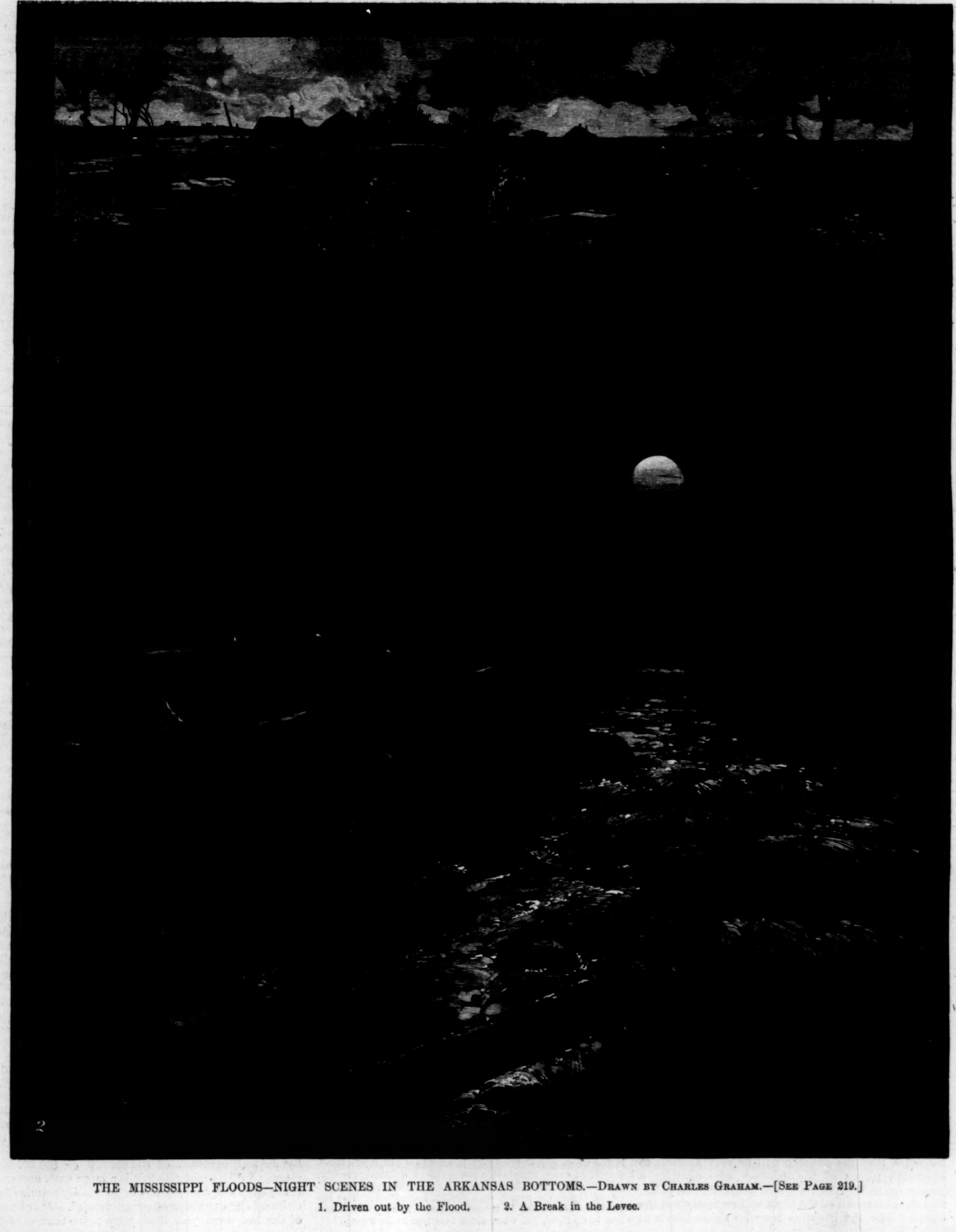

THE MISSISSIPPI FLOODS—NIGHT SCENES IN THE ARKANSAS BOTTOMS.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.—[SEE PAGE 219.]

1. Driven out by the Flood. 2. A Break in the Levee.

To be Published Saturday, March 22.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

APRIL.

INTERESTING PAPERS.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.
Comment by ANDREW LANG. With ten illustrations (including frontispiece) by E. A. ABBEY.

A SUIT OF CLOTHES.
Ninth paper in series of Great American Industries. By R. R. BOWKER. With sixteen illustrations.

THREE INDIAN CAMPAIGNS.
By General WESLEY MERRITT, U. S. A. Illustrated by RUFUS F. ZOGBAUM.

THOMAS YOUNG, M. D., F. R. S.
By Rev. WILLIAM HENRY MILBURN. With Portrait.

THE NEW YORK MARITIME EXCHANGE.
By RICHARD WHEATLEY.

AMERICAN LITERARY COMEDIANS.
By HENRY CLAY LUKENS. With ten portraits.

STORIES.

THE SHADOW OF A DREAM.
Part II. By WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

IN THE HAWORTH.
A story. By GERALDINE BONNER. With three illustrations by C. S. REINHART.

DEACON PHEBY'S SELFISH NATUR.
A story. By ANNIE TRUMBULL SLOSSON.

THE TRAGEDY OF HUMPBACK.
A sketch. By MARY G. McCLELLAND.

FIVE POEMS.

NOT LOVE, NOT WAR. By WILLIAM WORDSWORTH. With two illustrations by ALFRED PARSONS.—JACK O' DREAMS. By ARCHIBALD GORDON.—IN THE BREAKING OF THE DAY. By FRANCES L. MACE.—INSPIRATION. By SANBORN GOVE TENNEY.—OUT OF SORROW. By LYDIA T. ROBINSON.

GEORGE DU MAURIER
Contributes a full-page drawing, "Social Taradiddles."

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS.

EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.......................GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.
EDITOR'S STUDY..............................WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.
EDITOR'S DRAWER............................CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

LITERARY NOTES. By LAURENCE HUTTON.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

The next number of HARPER'S BAZAR, *out on Saturday, will contain a Pattern-sheet Supplement, and illustrations of Spring Fashions in great variety, with hints and directions. Among the attractive literary features will be "The Self-made Man," a brilliant character sketch by* GRACE KING, *"The Wooing of the Princess," by* DR. ABRAM S. ISAACS, *"Lent and Mi-Carême," "In a New York Diet Kitchen," and other timely articles. A full-page picture by* E. A. ABBEY *illustrates the song in the "Merchant of Venice."*

No. 1735.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

WITH COVER, AND

SUPPLEMENT CONTAINING DESCRIPTION AND ILLUSTRATIONS OF HOW A GREAT CITY IS FED.

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SENATORIAL SECRECY.

THE attempt of the Senate to deal with the revelation by the press of the proceedings of the secret sessions is ludicrous and futile. The only way effectually to prevent the publication of such secrets is to make publication a penal offence, and Congress will hardly try to do that. The clever newspaper man and the leaky or gossiping Senator are as sure between them to bring out the secret as steel and flint to strike a spark. Happily, also, there are some Senators who do not favor the secret session, and as they are in perfect accord with public sentiment they are sure presently to prevail. Meanwhile when the Senate has gone into the dark room and put all its members and door-keepers upon honor, it has discharged its entire duty to sacred secrecy. Senators may then say all that they have heard about candidates for the Squedunk post-office with entire freedom, upon the assumption of the London dinner table that no gossip shall be reported beyond the door. But with the butler and his satellites out of the room, if there should be any echo, it would be plainly due to some guest or guests.

The moral is plain. If the Senate takes the precautions which it is bound to take to secure its secrecy, and nevertheless the substance of what is said or done is published in a newspaper, the publication is due to a Senator or Senators. In fact, with the sceptical Senators and the enterprising gentlemen of the press "wanting to know, you know," the executive session is becoming very comical. The gentlemen of the press know very well when a President nominates a WARMOTH to a dignified and responsible office that the country will be very anxious to know the names of the Senators who consider a WARMOTH to be a proper person to fill such an office, and the gentlemen of the press will certainly tell the country who the Senators are who think him a fit officer of the government. The Senate will not be able to discover how the intelligence was obtained, and no newspaper will consider itself honorably bound not to publish what ought not to be concealed. The people of the United States as well as of Louisiana have an unquestionable right to know who are responsible for making a WARMOTH one of their public officers. If a President is not ashamed to have it known that he nominated him, why should Senators be ashamed to have it known that they confirmed him?

There are some questions which, as Senator HAWLEY says, may well be considered by the Senate privately. But they are very few, and nominations to office are not among them. The public nomination by the President should be the strongest presumptive evidence of the fitness of the person, because the chief responsibility rests upon him alone, and it must be supposed that he does not take the responsibility of nomination without the most careful inquiry. This was the ground of WASHINGTON'S deep feeling when the Senate rejected the nomination of Colonel FISHBOURNE. He naturally held it to be a rebuke for having proposed an unworthy person for office. By nominating FISHBOURNE, WASHINGTON announced to the country, like HARRISON in nominating WARMOTH, that upon full inquiry he believed him to be a fitting person for the place, and he justly felt the rejection to be an impeachment of his judgment, if not something worse. The country had certainly the right to know why the Senate thought unfit or unsuitable a man whom WASHINGTON upon his responsibility declared to be both fit and suitable. In the same way, when his successor announces that he thinks WARMOTH to be both fit and suitable, the country justly requires to know what Senators agree with him. The secret session for confirming nominations ought to be abolished if for no other reason than that it is not and cannot be made secret.

TWO PICTURES.

SENATOR HOAR, one of the most upright of Republicans, recently described the present spirit and purpose of the Democratic party. The New York *Sun* about the same time, in illustration of the remark of Mr. THOMAS C. PLATT that "the Republican conscience is so tender that it sometimes fears to do what it knows to be right, because it fears unjust criticism," recalls the record of "so sensitive and shrinking" a party. Both descriptions are extraordinary pictures. But if both were accurate portraits, the country would be in a dismal plight.

Senator HOAR, premising that he deplores and would diminish the excesses of party spirit, but that the government must be carried on by party, remarks:

"The difference between the two parties that contend for the control of this country was never greater than now. It is a difference that goes to the profoundest depths of the Constitution, and to the very roots of the moral law itself. It is far beyond all questions of currency, of finance, or even of administrative reform. One party means that justice, equality, and freedom shall be the law of the land everywhere; that every citizen, whatever his color or condition, shall exercise his equal and honest share in the government, according to the Constitution, and according to his birthright as an American citizen. The other party means to seize upon the powers of this government wherever and whenever it can. It means that the white Democratic oligarchy, though a minority, shall seize upon and keep the political forces of the South, and that the Democracy of the North, though a minority, shall ally itself with that oligarchy to get possession of the forces of the national government. This purpose it scarcely deems it worth while to disguise. Behind the murders of CLAYTON and SAUNDERS and MATTHEWS, behind the rifles that cover the election booths in Mississippi and the stuffed ballot-boxes and fraudulent returns over the large part of the South, as well as beneath the honeyed words of Mr. GRADY, is the avowed and defiant utterance, 'The Republicans in the South shall not vote; the three constitutional amendments shall not be enforced.' Mr. CLEVELAND himself, with one foot on the solid South and the other on Tammany Hall, talks of ballot reform and praises 'the splendid Democratic organization of Maryland' in the same breath, just as he talked of civil service reform and made EUGENE HIGGINS his Appointment Clerk at the same moment."

The *Sun* says:

"Take a sweeping view of the record of the party whose conscience, according to the Hon. THOMAS COLLIER PLATT, is so sensitive and shrinking that it fears to do right lest it may incur unjust criticism—the party of BELKNAP and Landaulet WILLIAMS and BABCOCK and SECOR ROBESON; of the Whiskey Ring, McDONALD, 'Sylph,' and the altitudinous goose; of the Salary Grab, the infamous Force Bill, and the Third Term conspiracy; of old Subsidy POM, Christian statesmanship, the Crédit Mobilier, Black Friday, San Domingo, and French arms; of Star Routes, river and harbor steals, Boss SHEPHERD, and the safe-burglary conspiracy; of the carpet-baggers maintained by Federal bayonets for the plunder of prostrate States; of FRANK MOSES, JOHN PATTERSON, SCOTT, PAULINE MARKHAM, and WARMOTH, and the midnight order of Judge DURELL; of addition, division, and silence, practised as never before on the face of the earth; of ELIZA PINKSTON and old MADISON WELLS; of false counts, forged electoral certificates, and perjured officers of the law; of statesmen bribed with office to promote and defend a colossal plot against free government; of every species of fraud, every refinement of corruption, every crime in the whole gamut from petit larceny to the theft of a Presidency; of every imaginable enterprise of political rascality, audaciously undertaken, shamelessly prosecuted, and brazened out before the people with defiant impudence. The Republican conscience is tender indeed! It may sometimes fear to do right, but when did it ever fear to do wrong?"

That either of these descriptions is wholly unfounded and merely an outburst of party fury nobody familiar with our political history would assert. It is, indeed, because of the truth in both statements that there is so much political independence and such growing unwillingness to take a merely partisan view of public questions, and to support candidates and measures without regard to anything but a party name. In the last election the outrages upon the ballot in Indiana were as notorious as those in Mississippi, and if one party is responsible for one, the other party is no less responsible for the other. The offence of one does not excuse that of the other, as President CLEVELAND'S violations of the principles of civil service reform do not justify President HARRISON'S. That government in free and intelligent countries must be carried on by parties is not a reason for abdicating independent judgment and action. On the contrary, it is the strongest possible reason for an independence which will infallibly diminish the excesses of party spirit, by showing that such excesses are fatal to party success.

A STEP FORWARD.

WE alluded last week to the bill introduced in the House of Representatives by Mr. LODGE, of Massachusetts, providing for the appointment of fourth-class postmasters. The bill might be somewhat amended with advantage, but it is a well-considered scheme to establish the postal service upon its proper basis. The bill would relieve members of Congress of the annoyance of one of the most harassing forms of patronage, while securing to every community its own preference in the management of its post-office, and depriving the office of its quality of local party head-quarters. It would tend also to check the constant disturbance arising from a change of the postmaster and of the site of the office, and to maintain in every village the continuance of satisfactory service. Indeed a more simple, complete, and practical improvement in the postal service has not been proposed. The other measures hitherto suggested, such as election of postmasters or selection by political caucus, would increase instead of relieving the present trouble by stimulating party contention.

Mr. LODGE'S bill provides that the Union shall be divided into suitable postal districts, each with a postal inspector, to be designated by the Postmaster-General. When a vacancy exists, the inspector shall give due notice, and furnish papers to be filled out by applicants, to furnish certain information required, and every applicant must also furnish a certificate under oath from three reputable citizens holding no national or State office, stating their knowledge of the character and fitness of the applicant, without any political remarks whatever, which, if made, shall vitiate the certificate. The list of applicants shall be conspicuously posted for the information of the community; and the inspector, upon personal inquiry and examination, shall grade the applicants in order of their fitness as thus ascertained, and designate those whom he considers eligible, with his reasons; the Postmaster-General shall then appoint one of the candidates thus certified, and shall record his reasons in case he does not select the name graded highest. The appointment shall not be made nor recommended by the inspector for political reasons. This is all good, but the exclusion of national and State office-holders from signing the certificate should be made more definite by an express prohibition of solicitation from members of Congress.

As we have already pointed out, this scheme restores the appointment to the executive branch of the government, where it belongs, besides the other advantages that we have mentioned. It is true that it is open to partisan abuse. But that is true of every method that can be suggested. Under the present law, which provides for examinations, there may be collusion and fraud of many kinds. But this is not an objection to the law. Where it is honestly observed, it is conceded to be of the greatest service in securing competent employés, and in promoting their self-respect. It is demonstrated beyond doubt or question to be of very great benefit to the public service, although undoubtedly it is sometimes evaded and abused. It is therefore no objection to the bill of Mr. LODGE that it does not make fraud impossible. It is an admirable bill, and with one or two amendments in its own spirit and for its own purpose, it could be made still more excellent.

A QUESTION.

THE annual pension bill represents the payments already authorized. They amount this year to $98,427,461. Other and large sums will be paid during the year, and included in future deficiency bills. There are already deficiencies pending of more than $21,000,000. The Secretary of the Interior urges, in addition, a dependent pension bill, which will require an annual payment of $40,000,000 or $50,000,000 more. In the aggregate this is a large sum, and one that shows the country not to be wholly unmindful of its soldiers, nor altogether ungrateful. At the end of the last fiscal year there were more than 489,000

pensioners, and the pension payments for that year amounted to more than $89,000,000, as against the $98,000,000 required for this year. Of the whole number of pensioners, 117,000 were credited to the war of 1812 and the Mexican war, leaving 372,000 pensioners of the civil war. The pending proposition of what is called a service pension would pay any person who was mustered into the service, whatever the length of his service, and whether or not he was injured in any way, if he is now unable to support himself, and would pension also the widows, minor children, and dependent parents of such enlisted men.

There were 2,772,000 men enlisted during the civil war, of whom about 2,200,000 survived, and of these, allowing for deaths, there remain about 1,100,000 unpensioned. It is calculated that under the dependent bills the amount paid for pensions would be about $200,000,000. A country which contemplates such a payment cannot be reproached for ingratitude or neglect. The payment indeed may not stop here. The principle of a bill which pensions an enlisted man for three months who was uninjured in the service because he is now unable to support himself is a simple and plain principle. It is that service alone entitles him to a pension. It is upon the service and not upon injury in the service that the pension is based. It would be just, therefore, and the mere result of this principle, that everybody who enlisted should be pensioned. This would certainly not be niggardly toward the men who enlisted. But it would probably arrest the attention of the tax-payers. They are generally fellow-citizens whom Congress bears constantly in mind. Parties also are always anxious to go before the country with the claim that they have lightened, or at least not largely increased taxation.

If this claim should be renounced by a party, what would be the reason? If the present Congress should raise the pension payments to a sum of $150,000,000, what would be the conclusive argument for such a course? How would the party majority seek to justify their action to the people against the attacks of their opponents? On what grounds would the payment of pensions to a sum very much more than that expended for the largest standing armies in Europe be justified? These are questions of importance. They are questions which are carefully pondered by those who were soldiers, and by those who gladly sustained the soldiers in every way, and now gladly approve the pensions of those who suffered. Is a citizen by virtue of mere service without injury in the late war a proper object of public bounty? Should a man who enlisted for the money and without principle or patriotism, and who now becomes disabled by causes not connected with the service, be supported at public expense, while another man who did not enlist because he could be of infinitely greater service at home, and who also becomes disabled, is left without public thought or care? This is a question which emphasizes the other: why is the service pension so warmly urged and supported? It is not answered by saying, what is indisputable, that we are a great and generous and grateful nation. That is not the reason. What can the reason be?

MR. GLADSTONE AND PROFESSOR TYNDALL.

Professor Tyndall was reported to have said in a speech in Ulster that Mr. Gladstone had called Mr. Pitt a blackguard, and Mr. Gladstone politely asked the Professor to furnish the authority for his remark. Six weeks afterward Professor Tyndall replied in a very long letter, reviewing Mr. Gladstone's political career, and saying that his remark was that Mr. Gladstone "waited until he was seventy-six years old to discover that Pitt was a blackguard and the Union a crime." To this Mr. Gladstone promptly answered that he regretted the Professor had not been willing frankly to confess what he plainly admitted, that the study of six weeks had proved to him that the word which he substantially attributed to Mr. Gladstone had not been used by him.

Professor Tyndall quotes some words of praise of Pitt spoken by Mr. Gladstone, describing them in what seems to be a most discourteous if not insulting manner, as uttered "when your intellectual power was at its maximum,....in the heyday of your manhood,....when your vision was clearer and your temptations fewer than they are now." Mr. Gladstone replies, with tranquil dignity, that the words prove merely that thirty-three years ago, when his contact with Irish questions was limited to religion and finance, he shared the general ignorance, and gave utterance to the then classical opinion of Englishmen about the Union. He thanks the Professor for quoting so fully the expression of his views since he has really studied the question, and in closing says that his only desire is to remain upon the old friendly terms when Professor Tyndall gallantly offered to take him up the Matterhorn and bring him safely back.

The Professor might usefully have recalled Disraeli's ill-luck in assailing Mr. Gladstone for inconsistency. "I should be sorry," replied Mr. Gladstone, in effect, "if, after the lapse of thirty years, I were no wiser than before." The insulting reference to his age shows the bitterness of political feeling in England, like the current jest in Tory circles that Mr. Gladstone will never be laid in Westminster Abbey, because he lies already in a neighboring building.

THE DECLINE OF COURTESY.

A serious proposition was recently advanced in the *Tribune*, and plausibly maintained, to the effect that courtesy among men is declining in this country. The alleged decline was held to be due in large part to the agitation for a more general recognition of the equality of women in industrial opportunities, and in civil and political rights. The fact of the decline is inferred from the behavior of men in public conveyances and in public places.

Indeed it cannot be denied that much travel upon the elevated railroads in the city does reveal a notable lack of the instinctive politeness for which the American has been renowned. Elderly women, and women and girls with bundles and evidently tired with labor, are allowed to stand, while men of all ages and even boys sit carelessly indifferent. Yet there was a time, not very remote, when a woman would not have been suffered to stand in an omnibus. The reasoning by which the later indifference is explained is not important, because it is with the fact and its results that we are concerned. As there is no essential change of conditions, the fact is proof of the decline, at least of a local decline, and the consequences are worth considering.

If a youth sees that his lack of courtesy, for instance, in not offering his seat to a woman in the car is regarded as a matter of course and justifiable, the first and costly step is taken. All other similar courtesies, the nameless graces of deference which make the intercourse of the sexes charming, will naturally disappear, and the distinction of the American vanishes, that every solitary woman seemed to travel under the chivalric protection of every man in the country. This is a distinction worth retaining, because manners are closely allied with morals. The man who plainly shows respect for a woman is very apt to feel it, and of two men in an elevated car, one of whom rises to make room for a woman and the other does not, the first is the one who is pleasantly remembered, and the one to whom in an emergency every fellow-passenger would turn.

THE GRANT MONUMENT.

The Grant Monument Committee has learned by experience what it should not have needed experience to learn, that the masters in the plastic arts do not enter into competition for such works. The reasons for this fact are many and various, but the fact is unquestionable. It is certainly to be expected that the reputation of an artist will be as serviceable to him as that of a man of science or of the learned professions. If a mining company wishes to have the quality and character of its ore determined, it applies to an expert whose distinction is due to his proved ability. If a committee wishes a statue, or a portrait, or a monument, application to an expert would seem to be equally natural.

The preparation of designs for such a work as the Grant memorial involves a great deal of time and money. The masters in the art are not obliged to depend upon the chance of approval of their designs. They can use their time for labors which are sure to bring a return. If, therefore, a committee should ask a service of them which would be properly reimbursed, if it were only the preparation of designs, the masters, or at least some of them, would be glad to do that work as they would do any other. In this way designs of the proper character could be procured.

This course need not exclude a competition of such others than recognized chiefs as might be willing to try for a prize and an opportunity. The triumph would be greater if achieved in comparison with the works of men of established name. If, however, such men should decline to take any part short of the execution of the work, the result would be either an original selection among acknowledged masters, or among such as were willing to compete. In the case in question we understand that the committee was advised to invite what was practically such a mixed paid and unpaid competition as we have mentioned, but decided to take the course which has failed to lead to the result desired, none of the designs being satisfactory. The committee will do well to hasten slowly in the completion of a work so important.

THE NEWSPAPER AND SOME LATE COMMENTS UPON IT.

The newspaper has been recently the subject of criticism by President Eliot and Mr. Choate. This is natural, for there is no greater or more constant public force, and it does no harm for its conductors to know from competent judges the intelligent public estimate of the manner in which its duty is discharged. We are sorry that we cannot include in this class of judges Senator Blair, who has lately fulminated against the press with a warmth which was more funny than forcible. It is very amusing to observe a public man berating the press for not taking his view of the importance of a public measure, and for not publishing what the public would not read.

But President Eliot and Mr. Choate are critics of another kind. President Eliot's remarks, as we said at the time, were made in the interest of the high character and influence of the newspaper, while Mr. Choate's later comments, in his most amusing and bantering vein, are not less worthy of attention. His humorous exaggeration merely emphasizes the undoubted fact that there is often an effort at sensationalism and a certain "scrappiness" of matter in the enormous Sunday papers; a statement of which every reader can determine the accuracy. He also remarked that the daily paper is "rooting out" the habit of reading books, by engaging the larger part of the time which most people can give to reading.

There is undoubtedly a great deal of truth in this remark. The habit of reading which is fostered by the newspaper is desultory, and weakens the power of concentration which important books demand. Yet some intermediary between such works and the reader, when the number of books increases rapidly, is inevitable. There is also probably a reciprocal influence. The newspaper encourages the habit of reading, and certainly stimulates many readers to read books who would otherwise read little or nothing. Mr. Choate's good-natured banter satirized the bumptiousness of the newspaper, a trait which the most sensible newspaper men would not deny. But the banter did not imply that the newspaper is merely bumptious, which is something that Mr. Choate would be the last man to assert. He threw a glove which he knew would be picked up. But he threw a truth in it which the defenders of the press will acknowledge.

A BLOW AT THE PUBLIC ENJOYMENT.

The opposition of the Musical Mutual Protective Union and of other associations of musicians to the proposed visit of the Strauss orchestra puts the associations in the attitude of enemies of the public enjoyment. Their conduct is in singular contrast with that of the painters in this country, who are active opponents of the exclusion of foreign pictures. The painters justly hold that fine pictures, wherever produced, educate both the painter and the public taste. While they stimulate the painter to produce better pictures, they increase the general demand for pictures.

The unions of musicians, by attempting to deprive the American public of the pleasure of hearing one of the most famous orchestras in the world, degrade their own art and justly invite general condemnation. It is plainly stated by the unions that the Strauss orchestra would play havoc with the receipts of other orchestras during the summer, and therefore the public must not be allowed to hear the strangers. But if anything would tend to arouse bitterness of feeling against the orchestras already organized here, and largely composed of foreigners, it would be such an attempt to gain a supposed advantage by a blow at the public pleasure.

We understand that Senator Plumb, in offering the amendment of exceptions to the foreign-contract law, intended specifically to mention musicians, but as they were apparently covered by the word artists, the specification seemed to be less necessary. As we stated last week, a very simple amendment providing that the bill shall apply to no persons except alien laborers, mechanics, or artisans would readily remedy the difficulty, by defining distinctly the purpose of the bill. If, by any ill chance, the musical unions should succeed in the scheme of exclusion, their conduct would not be soon forgotten by the public.

PERSONAL.

Mrs. Delia Parnell, the mother of the Irish leader, and a woman of refinement, lives in destitution in the old family mansion at Ironsides, not far from the village of Bordentown, New Jersey. The estate of about two hundred and sixty acres is heavily mortgaged, and the buildings are all marked with decay. Within the mansion are the same evidences of poverty, and for weeks at a time the past winter the aged woman has from necessity done without a fire. The kindness of friends alone has saved her from starvation, while the proceeds of a theatrical benefit given in New York not long ago helped to pay off accumulated debts. Mrs. Parnell's father and grandfather were both officers of high rank in the United States navy, and Governor Abbett and other friends are now seeking to obtain for her a much-needed pension.

—Massachusetts is almost as slow in admitting women to the bar as Vermont is in permitting them to practise medicine within her sacred and man-protecting precincts. The third woman to become a lawyer in the Bay State is Miss Alice Parker, of Middlesex County.

—Miss Braddon is accountable for fifty-three novels, or one for each year of her life.

—Some of the oldest residents of Waterbury, Connecticut, remember that a public sign-post, which has stood on the green for forty years, once formed a part of the village whipping-post, the last time it was used for the purpose being about 1820.

—Aunt Matilda Ruley has just died, at the age of one hundred and twenty-three years, in Raywick, Kentucky; her mother, Charlotte Shuck, one hundred and thirty-five years old, having passed away five years ago. A family Bible is said to be the unquestioned authority for both women's ages.

—The students of Boston University were delightfully entertained the other day by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, who appeared before them in their chapel and read several of his poems.

—George H. Corliss, who built the Centennial engine, will give the Young Men's Christian Association at Newburyport, Massachusetts, a $50,000 building.

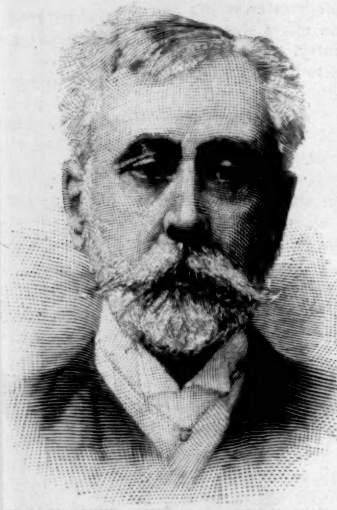
—William E. Gladstone feels responsible for the British postal-card, for he introduced it; consequently he uses one whenever the opportunity occurs. The other day he sent one to a charitable festival, expressing his regrets that he could not be present, and it was immediately put up at auction and sold for $80.

—Dr. Brown-Séquard, of youth elixir fame, is in Paris, and believes that his hobby will yet be metamorphosed into a real horse.

—Ferdinand de Lesseps, who is eighty-five years old, has eleven children, two by his first and nine by his last marriage. His eldest child is sixty-seven and his youngest four years old.

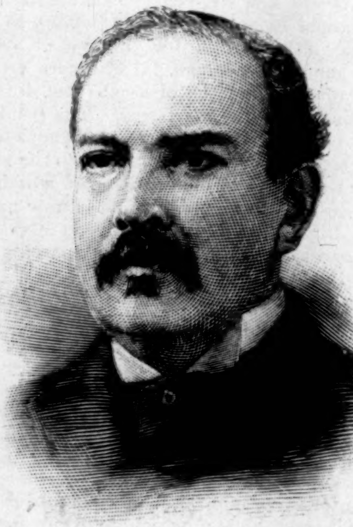
—Colonel Emmons Clark presents the result of congenial and sympathetic study extending over thirty years in the form of two superb royal octavo volumes, containing the history of the Seventh Regiment of New York from 1806 to 1889. From 1857 to 1889 the author was an active member of the Seventh Regiment, for thirty years as an officer, and for twenty-five years as the commandant. No one can be better fitted to write the history of the foremost National Guard organization of this State than the man who has been identified with the most memorable period of its development, and to whom is largely due the distinction which it has long enjoyed. The volumes, which are handsomely illustrated, are published by subscription only, and can be procured through Frank S. Kennedy, librarian, Seventh Regiment Armory.

JUDGE JOSÉ ALFONSO, FROM CHILI.



DR. MANUEL QUINTANA, FROM THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC.

JOSÉ MARIA PLÁCIDO CAAMAÑO, FROM ECUADOR.



FERNANDO CRUZ, LL.D., FROM GUATEMALA.

CARLOS MARTINEZ SILVA, LL.D., FROM THE UNITED STATES OF COLOMBIA.

SALVADOR DE MENEZES E VASCONCELLOS DRUMMOND FURTADO DE MENDONÇA, FROM BRAZIL.

DR. ROQUE SAENZ PEÑA, FROM THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC.

A GROUP OF SOUTH-AMERICAN DELEGATES TO THE PAN-AMERICAN CONGRESS.—From Photographs.—[See Page 226.]

LIEUTENANT JAMES M. WATSON, TENTH CAVALRY.

LIEUTENANT POWHATAN H. CLARKE, TENTH CAVALRY.

TWO DISTINGUISHED CAVALRY OFFICERS.—Drawn by Frederic Remington.—[See Page 219.]

"WE FOUND ALL OF THE HALF-DOZEN MEN ON GUARD SLUMBERING; SAVING ONLY ONE MAN, WHO SEEMED TO HAVE BEEN AROUSED BY THE SOUND OF OUR FOOTSTEPS."

THE AZTEC TREASURE-HOUSE.*

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER.

XXVII.—AN OFFER OF TERMS.

DURING the time that our various preparations thus went forward we had no direct news from the stronghold of the enemy; yet many vague rumors reached us of the army that was being set in order there to take the field against us. On the other hand, the constant departure from among us of those who were loyal to the ancient government kept the Priest Captain well informed of all that was in progress in our camp. No effort was made by the Council to prevent these departures, for all of our plans were working so well, and our forces were increasing so prodigiously, that it was to our advantage that the enemy should have news of our rapidly augmenting strength. And especially was it hoped that the news thus carried to the city might incline many there who wavered in their allegiance to take open part with us—or, at the least, to refuse to take part against us—and that in this way there might be stirred up a very dangerous spirit of mutiny within the enemy's lines.

The plan of campaign that the Council had adopted struck me as being an exceedingly prudent one. This was: that we should not attempt an attack upon the city—for, indeed, to assail such fortifications without artillery would have been utterly hopeless—but should wait until the enemy came out to assail us, and then meet him on our own chosen ground. In every way this plan was in our favor. It most obviously was to our advantage to delay as long as possible the battle that was inevitable, and that, when it did come, must decide the fate of the rebellion finally. Every day that this was deferred was a substantial gain to us, in that the organization of our army was thereby rendered the more complete; and also in that the effective hold of the new government upon the people throughout the valley was thereby strengthened. On the side of the enemy, delay would produce no corresponding gain; rather would it tend to weaken the hold of the Priest Captain upon those who remained faithful to him; and—being shut up with his whole army and a multitude of non-combatants within those great stone walls—a very terrible foe, against which stone walls are no defence, presently would attack him in the shape of hunger. Therefore we had only to wait—maintaining the while a vigilant patrol of guard-boats on the lake so that no fresh supplies might reach the garrison in the city—in the sure conviction that our foe would of his own accord come forth to give us battle; and that we then would have the advantage of standing wholly on the defensive until some happy turn of chance should so favor us that we would risk nothing in making an assault.

It was a very fortunate thing for us that matters stood in this way; for wellnigh the whole of the trained army of the Aztlanecas was with the Priest Captain, and against this well-disciplined body of men our own hastily assembled and imperfectly organized army would have made but a poor showing had we met on equal terms. Even under the existing circumstances, so favorable in many ways to our success, Tizoc and the other military officers who were with us did not at all disguise their anxiety as to what might be the outcome of the battle so soon to be fought; and especially did they dread some well-planned stealthy movement of the enemy, by which our camp might be suddenly set upon and fairly carried before our own untrained forces could be rallied from the bewilderment and confusion into which they would be thrown by the shock of such surprise.

Rayburn, who had seen a good deal of Indian fighting in his time, fully shared in this feeling of anxiety. "Indian fights, you see," he said, "are not like any other kind of fights. The side that wins has got to do it with a whoop and a hurrah. Indians haven't got any staying power in them. They can't hold out against anybody who stands up against them squarely and won't be scared by a howling rush into running away. That's the reason why our little bit of an army at home is strong enough to police our whole Indian frontier. A single troop of our boys—if the fighting's square, and they haven't been corralled in an ambush—can stand off a whole tribe; and they can do it because they just get their backs together and won't give in. What bothers me about the fight that we're going to have is that the regulars are on the other side. Of course, being Indians too, regulars like these don't amount to much; but they are bound to be a long chalk better than this rowdy crowd of ours. We've got a pretty fair chance to win, because we're in a strong position and because our people mean to wait until the other fellows come at 'em; but I tell you what it is: if ever they manage to get inside here, or if ever we go outside after them—that is, while they're fresh and full of fight—it's bound to be all day with us. These miners, and the rest of this Tlahuico outfit, will fight like wild-cats as long as they're on top; but every bit of fight will go right out of them the minute they find that they're beginning to get underneath. That's the Indian way. I'm trying hard to believe that our crowd will whip the other crowd; but I must say, Professor, that I'm not betting on it."

"Well, I'm bettin' on it, an' bettin' on it high," said Young. "I don't pretend t' know as much about this sort o' thing as Rayburn does; but I do think I know a live devil when I see one—an' these miners are about as lively an' about as devilly as anything that ever broke loose from hell. They're just as full o' th' wickedest sort o' fight as they can stick in their ugly skins; an' they're just sick for a chance t' let it get out of 'em. All we've got t' do is t' worry th' other crowd for a while by lettin' 'em monkey around tryin' t' bag us; an' then, when they've been pretty well shot off, an' are gettin' tired, just make a rush for 'em an' scoop 'em. Regulars or no regulars, these miners 'll go through 'em like a limited express; an' th' first thing th' Priest Captain knows we'll have walloped him right smack out o' th' baggy things he wears on his feet an' thinks are boots. That's th' size of it, Rayburn. That's what's goin' t' happen right here—an' don't you forget it! An' then, if there's any way out o' this d—n valley, we'll load up with dollars an' pull out for home."

For my own part, I was not disposed to be either so doubtful as Rayburn or so sanguine as Young. In what each of them said there was much truth, and my inference from such of the facts in the case as were within my knowledge and my comprehension was that the chances for and against our success were very evenly divided. Had I listened only to the promptings of my hopes, I should have entertained no doubt whatever touching the certainty of our victory; for I was at that time so elated by the knowledge that I had acquired, and that each day was increased by the acquisition of new and most precious facts whereby a flood of light was let in upon what hitherto had been hopelessly dark places in Aztec archæology, that I was disposed to believe as firmly as ever did the first Napoleon in the assured ascendency of my lucky star. However, I did not wholly permit my wits to be run away with by the joy begotten of my truly wonderful discoveries; and I strove even to contemplate calmly the possibility that I might myself be slain in the battle that was so close upon us; and that thus the exceedingly valuable information which I had acquired would be lost to the world, and to myself would be lost the honorable fame due me for having gathered it. Yet I regret to state—for until that time I had entertained unreservedly the belief that I truly was a philosopher—my attempt at calm contemplation of this dismal and far from improbable combination of evil circumstances had no other effect upon me but to throw me into a most violent rage. It seemed to me so stupidly unreasonable that some mere common brute of an Indian, by the crude process of splitting my skull open, might deprive me, and through me the scientific world, of the priceless knowledge that with much effort I had stored within my brain.

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But all thought of my own fortunes, and of this possible sudden cutting of my life-strings, presently was thrust aside by the inroad of another matter that was of far more serious moment to me, inasmuch as there was involved in it a menace against the life of one of my companions. And, indeed, this matter was one which startled our whole camp: for it was nothing less than a formal offer on the part of the Priest Captain to condone the rebellion and to compromise with the rebels on certain far from exacting terms.

The envoy sent to treat with us came in a manner befitting his dignity and the importance of his mission; having a considerable retinue with him in his barge, and being himself a grave and dignified man well advanced in years. Two of our guard-boats accompanied his barge across the lake, and he alone was permitted to land in Huitzilan. Being led before the Council, he delivered himself briefly of his message, and added to it neither argument nor comment of his own. The Priest Captain, he said, desiring to avoid the shedding of blood amongst brethren, was willing to forgive the wrong already committed, and was willing even to concede in part the demands made by the rebels, in consideration of the acceptance by those now in arms against him of certain very easy terms. For his part, he would yield in so far as to restore the custom of permitting parents to buy back their own children, and so to save them from being sacrificed or from becoming slaves; and he would withdraw also his claim to the exercise of certain rights (which need not here be specified) in civil matters to which a counter claim was set up by the Council. In return for these concessions he demanded that the army raised by the rebels should be immediately disbanded; that order should be restored in Huitzilan by returning the miners to their work and the Tlahuicos generally to their masters throughout the valley; and that the arms which had been manufactured should be turned over to the keeper of the arsenal in Culhuacan. The final demand made by the Priest Captain related to ourselves; and the Council was given to understand that upon its punctual and exact fulfilment the whole of the negotiation must depend. Young and Rayburn and I, the envoy said, must be thrust out through the Barred Pass, whence we came, and there left to shift for ourselves; Fray Antonio must be without delay surrendered—that the dreadful sin that he had committed by preaching vile doctrines subversive of the true faith might be punished in so signal a manner that the gods whom he had outraged would be appeased.

Both Fray Antonio and I were present in the Council chamber when the envoy delivered his message; and when this final demand was made—hearing which made me grow sick and faint, so keen was the pang that it sent through my heart—I turned toward him quickly, expecting that he also would feel the hurt of the blow which through him, because of my great love for him, had stricken me so grievously. But so far from being at all cast down by the knowledge thus rudely conveyed that a very cruel death menaced him, there was upon his face a look of such joyful elation, of such rejoicing triumph, that it seemed as though the very greatest happiness that life could hold for him had been thrust suddenly within his grasp.

Within the Council, and outside of it also when the terms which the envoy offered were spread abroad, there was at once aroused a very hot antagonism between contending factions in regard to the wisdom of placing trust in the Priest Captain's promises, and to the justice of yielding to his demands. So far as the Council was concerned, its members having no especial regard for our welfare now that we had served their purpose, the slaying of Fray Antonio and the expulsion from the valley of the rest of us were trifling matters which well enough might be conceded if thereby peace might be secured. The matter of importance that this body had to consider was how far the Priest Captain could be trusted to fulfil promises made to rebels in arms when these same rebels voluntarily had submitted to disarmament and were at his mercy; and on this essential point the whole debate that followed turned. The faction that favored disarmament insisted that such yielding was not surrender, inasmuch as the Priest Captain had conceded all that the rebels had asked; while those of the faction that favored war rested their case on the ground that the promises of concession were made only to be broken; and that this sudden willingness on the part of the Priest Captain to grant what he had heretofore so persistently refused was proof that he recognized the hopelessness of his position, and so was seeking to retain by craft the power that he no longer could hold by force. And these latter therefore urged that his false promises should not be heeded, and that the matter at issue should be settled surely and finally by carrying to a triumphant conclusion the war for the waging of which all needful preparations had been made.

The debate upon this matter continued throughout the whole day without any conclusion being arrived at, and we listened to it—Fray Antonio and I translating to the others—with a very earnest interest; inasmuch as the outcome of it all might be the instant slaying of one of us, and for the rest of us an imprisonment in wild fastnesses among bleak mountains for what was like to be the whole remainder of our lives. When night came, and the Council, being still unresolved, broke off its session until the day following, we came back to our quarters and there talked over the situation, and not cheerfully, among ourselves.

"Even if these fellows understood algebra," said Rayburn, "I don't see how they could get an answer to the problem that they're trying to work. All the *x's* that ever were made are not enough to represent an unknown quantity like the Priest Captain; and it simply is not in the conditions of the case that they possibly can know what allowance to make for the factor for error. For the last three hours, as far as I can make out, they've just been talking in a circle, and going over and over the same ground. The size of the business is that half of them believe the Priest Captain is telling the truth, and the other half believe that he is lying. This is a matter of conviction. It is not a thing that they can argue about. As far as I can see, there is nothing to prevent them from keeping on talking without getting anywhere for the next twenty years."

"Well, all I can say," said Young, "is that if they'll put me in th' cab an' let me run their train for 'em I'll get it up this grade in no time; an' what's more, I'll just take it down th' other side o' th' divide a-kitin'! What's th' matter with th' Priest Captain, an' only half of 'em have th' sense t' see 't, is that he's just solidly lyin'. He's been lyin' to 'em from away back, I reckon; an' he's lyin' to 'em now; an' he'll keep on lyin' to 'em right smack along till he gets t' th' end of his run. If they're fools enough t' believe him, they're bound t' get left th' worst kind. They've got him in a hole now, an' he knows it—an' that's more'n they do, t' judge from th' way they're goin' on. I did have some respect for that Council. So far, they've managed things first-rate. They've run in advance o' their schedule right along, an' they've kep' up a rattlin' head o' steam with mighty d—n bad coal. But if they really mean t' draw their fires just when they ought t' put on th' forced draught an' let her go for all she's worth, I must say I haven't any more use for 'em. Seein' 'em shilly-shallyin' around like they're doin' now, when they ought t' be takin' their coats off an' sailin' in, just makes me sick!"

Fray Antonio—whose habit of quiet was such that he rarely sought to take part in the talks that we had in English among ourselves—somewhat surprised me by asking me to translate to him what Young and Rayburn had been saying; and when he had heard it all he was silent for a while, and evidently was engaged in earnest thought. At last, speaking very gravely, he asked us if we greatly feared being thrust out from the valley in case the Council decided to accept the Priest Captain's terms; and without giving us a chance to answer, he bade us remember that we had not at all explored the last valley that we had passed through before we entered the cañon that ended at the Barred Pass, and that from it there well might be some outlet through which we could return to the civilized world, and even were we forced to end our days in it, he continued, speaking quickly and urgently, a much worse fate might come to us: for the valley was a bright and beautiful one, as we had seen, and had in it an abundant supply of food. Would living there, he asked, be any worse for us than living where we then were—where we were equally shut in? And even supposing that the war ended in victory for us, and that our allies gave us entire freedom of action, what more could we do than end our days in the Valley of Aztlan, or else go back to that other valley and search for an outlet thence whereby we could get into an open way among the mountains and so once more to our homes? And then, still denying us opportunity to answer, he went on to speak of the pain and misery and despairing sorrow that the threatened war would bring; and then, more gently, of the duty that pressed upon us of averting this calamity, that was also a crime, even though to do so we must sacrifice hopes and wishes very dear to our hearts.

"What th' dickens is th' Padre drivin' at, anyway?" Young exclaimed. "I don't catch on at all."

"No more do I," said Rayburn. "It's a first-rate sermon that he's giving us, but I don't see where he means the moral of it to fetch up."

For myself, so closely were Fray Antonio and I bound together by bonds of sympathy, I saw but too plainly what he meant should be the outcome of his discourse; and I was not surprised, therefore—though hearing thus plainly expressed in words what I had been dreading sent a dull, cold pain into the very depths of my heart—when he unfolded to us the whole of the plan that he had been forming within his mind. What he said was said very simply, and with a loving sorrow for the pain that might come to us through shaping our actions in accordance with his strong desire; and this desire was: that, of our own free-will, we should retire from the valley by the way that we came thither, and so leave the Council free to accept unhesitatingly the Priest Captain's terms.

"And what of yourself?" I asked; for I felt within me a strong conviction that for himself he had in view a very different fate.

He hesitated for a moment before answering me, and his color changed a little; and then an unwonted ruddiness gave animation to his face, and a light of glad and strong resolve shone in his eyes as he replied, in a voice that was very low and at the same time very clear and firm: "I shall go to the Priest Captain, in Culhuacan!"

"And so go to your death," I said, speaking brokenly, for the pain that his words caused me went through me like a knife thrust.

"Say rather," Fray Antonio answered, "that I go to win the life, glorious and eternal, into which neither death nor sin nor sorrow evermore can come."

XXVIII.—THE SURRENDER OF A LIFE.

Knowing as I did Fray Antonio's resolute nature, and understanding far more clearly than it was possible for the others to understand the heroic impulses which stirred within him, I took no part in the attempt that they then made to oppose the purpose which he had declared. But when they somewhat shifted their position—perceiving how hopeless was their effort to shake by argument his firm resolve—and sought to win him to their way of thinking by consenting to leave the valley if only he would accompany them, then I most earnestly joined my entreaties to theirs. But no more by entreaty than by argument was Fray Antonio to be moved.

And, in truth, there was a logical consistency in what he urged in answer to us that, much though we might resent it, we yet were compelled to respect. He had come with us, he said, for the single purpose of preaching the saving grace of Christianity to heathen souls which otherwise would perish utterly in their idolatry. And this was not a matter wherein he had any right of election, but was a solemn duty that the vows by which he was bound compelled him to fulfil. He was not free, therefore, as we were free, to consider side issues relating to his personal well-being or to mere expediency; his sole endeavor must be to accomplish by the most effectual means the duty wherewith he was charged. It was evident, he urged, that should there be war in the valley the chance for the further spread of Christian doctrine would be scant; for the seed that he had sown, and that already was well rooted in many hearts, would die quickly and be utterly lost in the foul growth of evil passions which would spring up rankly amidst this bloody strife. But if the war could be averted, not only would these people be spared the misery that war must bring upon them, and the crime also of slaying each other, but their hearts would remain open to the gentle doctrine that he had taught; and his willingness—should such sacrifice be necessary—to yield his life that peace might be preserved would force upon them strongly the conviction, tending thus to their own strengthening, of his faithful trust in the creed which he avowed. And it well might happen, he said, that such grace would be given him that even within the very stronghold of the heathen faith he might win souls to the purer faith which it was his glorious privilege to preach and still remain unharmed: in proof of which possibility he cited the case of the blessed St. Janüarius, whom the lions refused to devour. But whatever might be the outcome of thus yielding himself into the Priest Captain's hands, his duty was so clear, he declared firmly, that no evasion of it was possible. And what he purposed doing, he said finally, was but what countless of his brethren had done in the course of the six centuries since the founding in Assisi of the Order to which they and he belonged; and precisely was it what was done by the glorious proto-martyr of Mexico, San Felipe de Jesus, who boldly carried the Christian faith among the heathen—and so died for that faith upon the cross in Japan.

Rayburn was far from willing to yield to this line of argument; yet he understood it, as I did also, and perceived that it was the only logical outcome of the only premises which Fray Antonio would recognize. Young, on the other hand, did not in the least understand it; and Fray Antonio's reasoning simply threw him into a rage.

"It's all d—n nonsense," he said, "for th' Padre t' talk about his duty toward a set o' critters like th' Priest Captain's crowd. What's th' life o' that whole outfit worth compared to one life like his? He might just as well sit down an' chop his own head off as go in among those fellows; an' he knows it, too. I never heard o' th' party he's talkin' about who didn't get eat up by th' lions—somebody in th' show business, I s'pose—but if he thinks there'll be anything worth speakin' of left of him two hours after he gets back into that city, he's makin' a pretty d—n big mistake. Oh, I say, Professor, we've *got* t' stop this. Th' Padre's off his head, that's all there is to it; an' we've got t' look after him till he braces up an' gets sensible again. I'll do anything reasonable that he wants—but I'll be d—d if I'm goin' t' stand by doin' nothin' while he cuts his own throat!"

Young was quite ready, I am sure, to resort to the radical measure of clapping Fray Antonio into a strait-jacket; and had the opportunity arisen for bringing their difference of opinion to a practical issue I am confident that we should have witnessed an exceedingly curious conflict, in which heroic self-devotion would have struggled with a rough but very honest love. And that Fray Antonio anticipated such a conflict was shown by his taking effective measures to render it impossible. During the remainder of that day he steadfastly refused to discuss the matter further; not harshly, but by shifting away into other channels our earnest talk. Only at night, before we lay down to sleep, of his own motion he turned once more to the matter; and when he briefly had exhibited to us again the motives which urged him forward upon a way so perilous, he begged that we would not think ill of his insisting upon traversing our wishes, but that once more we would clasp hands with him in sign of our forgiveness and continued love.

So tender was the mood that came upon us with his gentle words that none of us well could answer him; and this he understood as in turn we took his hand and strove to utter that which was in our hearts—and only could say huskily a word or two, of which the meaning was conveyed for the most part by the sorrow and the longing that were in our tones. Young's natural instincts were wholly opposed to any display of the softer emotions, and for shame of the weakness—that in this case he could not help but show—his face and neck flushed red, and he declared that he had the toothache. And then, as a vent for his overwrought feelings—of all things in the world—he fell to cursing the Superintendent of the Old Colony Railroad on the ground that but for this functionary, who most unjustifiably had discharged him, he never would have come to Mexico at all!

For my own part, I was well convinced that Fray Antonio meant then to say good-by to us; and for a long while, as I lay awake that night, my thoughts went backward over the time that we had been companions together; and so dwelt upon the faithfulness of his friendship, and upon his gallant bearing in all times of peril, and upon the pure and perfect holiness which characterized his every act and word. Into the future I dared not let my thoughts wander; for I could foresee no outcome to the purpose which he had planned so resolutely but a dreary sorrow that would rest heavily upon me through all the remainder of my days. And at last, worn out by my own grief, I fell into a troubled sleep.

The faint, gray light of early morning shone dimly in the room as Rayburn awakened me by shaking my arm; and the first words which he spoke to me were: "The Padre is not here!"

As I roused myself fully and sat up and looked into his face, I saw by the look that he gave me how fully he shared the dread that was in my heart. Young still was sleeping, and we waited to rouse him until we should make sure that what we feared must be the truth really was true. Together we went out quietly into the court-yard and so to the main entrance of the building, where a guard was stationed. But this man was asleep; and when I wakened him and questioned him as to whether the monk had gone forth, he could give me no answer. Therefore we went on to the gate of the Citadel—which gate, being a vastly heavy grating raised and lowered by chains, was not usually closed even at night—in the hope that there we might gain some certain knowledge. And here also we found all of the half-dozen men on guard slumbering; saving only one man, who seemed to have been aroused by the sound of our footsteps, and who raised himself on one elbow and looked at us with a sleepy curiosity.

Even the urgency of the quest that we were upon did not suffice to distract our attention from the peril that we all were in because of the slumbering of these sentries. "If this is a specimen of the way all the watches are kept," Rayburn said angrily, "we stand a pretty good chance of being murdered in our beds. It all comes of trying to make soldiers out of savages. These Tlahuicos will fight well enough, I never doubted that, but to put such men on guard is simple idiocy. They have been slaves all their lives, and they haven't the least notion in the world of personal responsibility. It's a lucky thing that we have found out their methods, for I shall give the Colonel a talking to about putting on guard some of his own men, who can be trusted. It's clear that these fellows cannot tell us anything. We'd better keep on down to the landing; if the Padre has gone"—there was a sudden break in Rayburn's voice as he said these words—"it's pretty certain that he has gone by water, and we may come across somebody down there who happened to be awake and saw him start."

There were slight signs of wakefulness beginning to show themselves as we went down toward the water-side—a few doors already were open, here and there thin threads of smoke curled upward through the still air, around a fountain a half-dozen women were clustered drawing water in great earthen pots and chattering together softly in half-drowsy talk. At the pier, however, we found some people who really were wide-awake: fishermen just returned with a boat-load of fish that they had caught in the lake. And these, when I questioned them, in a moment resolved all of our troubled doubts into a sad certainty. Only an hour before, as they lay out on the lake, a canoe had passed them paddled by a single Indian; and in the canoe they had plainly recognized Fray Antonio. It was impossible that they should be mistaken, they declared, for the habit which the monk wore made him very plainly recognizable; and they had observed him with a particular care, for they had been greatly surprised by perceiving that the canoe was heading directly for "the great

city"—by which name all save the priests were accustomed to speak of Culhuacan.

Neither Rayburn nor I spoke as we walked back together through the town to the Citadel. Our hearts were altogether too full for words. Even I, who had been in part prepared for Fray Antonio's departure by the tenor of his speech with us the night before, had not anticipated his going from us so suddenly to what surely must be his death; and to Rayburn his departure came with the startling force of a heavy and unexpected blow. Young was awake when we returned, and was in much anxiety concerning us; for our custom at all times was to hold closely together, and he knew that something out of the common must have happened to make us break through this very necessary rule. And his fears were further aroused when he perceived the sad gravity of our faces and that Fray Antonio was not in our company. Yet though thus prepared to learn that evil of some sort had overtaken us, he was not at all prepared to learn how great that evil was. When, therefore, we told him of what we had discovered, which gave absolute assurance that Fray Antonio had carried out his purpose of surrendering himself into the Priest Captain's hands, Young stared at us for a moment in a dazed sort of way, as though by no means grasping the meaning which our words conveyed. And then the whole meaning of them seemed to come to him suddenly, and he burst forth into such a raving volley of curses that it seemed as though he were fairly maddened by his ungoverned rage.

I envied Young, as I am sure Rayburn did also, the relief that must come to him with this rough but frank and natural expression of his bitter grief. For ourselves, we stood sad and silent; yet with our hearts almost breaking within us as we thought how small was the chance that ever in this world should we see the face of Fray Antonio again.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TWO GALLANT YOUNG CAVALRYMEN.

A small band of renegade Apache Indians recently murdered and plundered a freighter in Arizona. Troops, under Lieutenant James M. Watson and Powhatan H. Clarke, were put on the trail, and, with the aid of Indian scouts from the San Carlos "scout camp," followed it at a terrific pace for over three hundred miles through the deserts and rocky ranges of the country until they struck the hostiles in an almost inaccessible position. After the first shots were exchanged the Indians took to the rocks and continued the firing, evidently determined to sell their lives as dearly as possible. The colored troops and Indian scouts, although exposing themselves heroically, escaped all casualties, but finally succeeded in killing two of the hostiles. After another had been wounded the remainder surrendered.

Two horses which the Indians had stolen were almost fagged to death after the hard pushing which the troops had given them. The prisoners were taken to the guard-house at San Carlos, to be subsequently turned over to the civil authorities for trial. It is safe to predict that the days of the revolting crimes of this particular lot of Apaches have passed away. "There is no doubt that the prisoners will be hanged," says the press despatch. The writer of this does not think it safe to say that the revolting crimes of Apaches will pass away until Apaches are no more; but they will undoubtedly be hanged, as the press man says.

The régime of General Miles in the Department of Arizona is frequently vindicated nowadays, but no better example of the running down of Apache murderers has occurred than this last, and the young officers who conducted it are entitled to praise. Since the long race after Geronimo, which General Miles inaugurated and brought to a successful termination, there have been several other outbreaks, but the young men of the Tenth and Fourth Cavalry have learned how to ride a long race, and have been successful in nipping in the bud what might be another reign of terror in Sonora, Arizona, and New Mexico.

Every autumn the troops in the department have a series of manœuvres which is largely based on the idea of chasing and fighting Indians. They are all familiar with the vast expanse of mountain and desert; they can thread the perilous trails of the Sierras, and go straight to the water-holes. They can ride long distances on the trail of the "foe which is ever ahead," and fight him after his own fashion should the opportunity offer. The troops in the chain of forts which surround the San Carlos Indian Reservation are at all times ready to take the field inside of thirty minutes, which soldiers will understand is a very short time indeed; and it is this state of warlike efficiency that makes it rather discouraging for Apaches to pursue their natural tendencies. Force and efficiency are things which an Indian can comprehend in our civilization.

The moral of all this soldiering in the Southwest is that General Miles has succeeded in making it possible for a white man to live in that country and pursue his calling without absolute certainty of being shot down like a wild beast; for until he took command an Apache Indian never had much discrimination between a white man and an antelope when he was abroad with a gun. But beyond the great purpose of this military scheme of police protection there is another which must be taken into account, and that is the development of a race of cavalrymen and officers who will start eventually a "new school," as the critics say, in the cavalry work. The country is about the toughest piece of landscape gardening that the Creator ever constructed, and cavalrymen who have chased Apaches would not hesitate to follow a bunch of canvas-back ducks in their wanderings. They learn to go light, to work off from a base of supplies, and I venture to say that if the bacon and crackers were low in the packs and the "trail hot," that Lieutenant Jim Watson would pay more attention to the trail than the crackers.

The writer of this has had occasion to observe the two heroes of the illustrations, Mr. Clarke and Mr. Watson, and he will use great caution in his movements in the future so that he will not be compelled to see more of them. Both of the gentlemen are fine fellows in barracks, but by long study and thought they have contracted a species of insanity peculiar to enterprising young cavalry officers, and when in the field they make it tedious for any one who follows their lead. Nothing more delights these men than to come into possession of a tenderfoot guest from the East, or an officer from some of the European armies, with orders to show him some of their work. They shake hands with the victim, say a pleasant thing or two, and then go outside the door and smile large smiles, like an ogre of old, as they think what a fine possibility the guest is for a physical wreck. They are both made of whalebone and rubber, and are inured to any heat which a Turkish bath might supply. Clarke is considered one of the finest riders in the army, and can do things on a horse's back which is the perfection of what a West Point cadet thinks he can do. I have a theory, born of some observation, that there are young cavalry officers in the United States service who can ride better than any other class of men in the world. I have no idea that every one will agree with me in this matter, but I hold my faith with the placid calm of a man who has ceased to argue. The little "cherub who sits up aloft" has his hands full to look after Lieutenant Clarke and keep him from breaking his neck, but I am quite sure he was not intended for that form of death.

Lieutenant Watson is possessed of an idea that a cavalryman ought to be able to take a horse and a tooth-brush and ride to the moon. He has an Apache fondness for "bald peaks," and his trail generally leads up the highest elevations in the neighborhood. He rides light, not even carrying canteens in the desert country where he operates. There is a standing joke in the army on the last man to join from West Point. It is that Lieutenant Watson will ride up to him in the middle of some particularly hard, dry march, and suavely beg a drink from his canteen. This favor is granted, and the Lieutenant presently returns the canteen emptied of its contents, with a bland "Thank you, sir." He never is able to borrow a canteen from that gentleman again. In fact, no one will share his water with Watson; but that does not change his habit of not carrying one. He once tried this little pleasantry on your humble servant, but a kindly disposed person had explained the thing beforehand, and I did not respond. The Lieutenant has served so long with Indian scouts that he has acquired many of their methods, until he is a kind of "split the difference" between a cultivated gentleman and a wild Indian. He has that aboriginal instinct of locality developed in a high degree, and can always point, like the hand of a compass, to the particular "jacal" where he belongs. In a case of civilized war, I imagine that Lieutenant Watson could keep quite a body of the enemy's horse engaged in guessing his whereabouts.

Lieutenant Clarke is a Virginian, but with Louisiana French in his blood. He is adored by his men, and universally popular. He rides the horses which no one else can, and chases the festive jack-rabbit with his pack of hounds right into the parade; but to the stranger's inquiry as to these wild proceedings the by-standers only explain, "Oh, that's Clarke!" Altogether one of those old-time kind of "ride into battle with his life on his sleeve" soldiers, and one not to be particularly commended for bravery, since trepidation would be quite a novel experience for him. He once pulled a wounded corporal under cover from Apache bullets at some little personal risk, since they fired some fifty shots at him, and replied to some admiring friends concerning it, "Well, what else could I do?" Of course it is readily seen that he could do nothing else, although most other men would be fertile enough in expedients to devise a way for not doing the thing at all. Some of the old commanders in the department regard Clarke as a "broncho" in barracks, but they all have a kindly regard for the soldierly qualities of the young man, which he generously reciprocates. For instance, he has a particular admiration for General Merritt, ostensibly based on the fine military record and writings of that officer, although I think his acquaintance with the virtues of the general dates from a ten days in the guard-house at the instigation of the latter. Ordinarily a civilian would not appreciate an attention of that sort, but that merely goes to show that a soldier is built on different lines.

With all their faults and propensities for making life a burden to their guests who come down for a ride or a scout with them, I still bear no malice, and in all seriousness I feel impelled to declare that the country can feel sure that it has men in its calvary service who are young, hardy, enterprising, and, above all, intelligent. They will do their part, if Uncle Sam needs them, in a more glorious field than chasing Apaches over the rocks, and do it just as well.

Frederic Remington.

THE MISSISSIPPI FLOODS.

Each year at the close of the winter season the residents of the low lands of the Mississippi Valley are in a state of agitation; there is generally a flood on hand, or one is daily expected, and the people are rarely deprived of their annual visitation. For some years at a time there are, however, only local inundations, and there has been no general overflow since 1884. The present flood is the greatest one for sixteen years, and at places along the river, notably at New Orleans, the water has passed the maximum floodmark, and was reported on Thursday, March 13th, to be nine and a half inches higher than the great flood of 1874. Above the confluence of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers at Cairo, Illinois, there has been no particular damage done, as the water has not attained any extraordinary height, but below Cairo, all the way to the Gulf, there has been a general rise in the waters. At Cairo the rivers were one hundred miles in width, covering fifty miles of the low lands in Missouri and extending to the hills in Kentucky, while the city itself, being situated on low ground, has been half flooded. The railroads in that section stopped running, and business has been at a standstill. Houses and farms were covered, and the residents obliged to flee for their lives. Where breaks in the levees have occurred, the people of the region have been forced to decamp at once, as the flow of waters has been too great to admit of any stoppage after once having worn a crevasse. This year the people received sufficient warning of the flood, and no loss of life has been reported from any of the districts, but there is a general feeling of alarm for the safety of some of the people in the Mississippi bottoms who have not abandoned their farms. A break in the levees would be extremely disastrous in those regions. Rafts of all kinds have been improvised to bear away the goods and chattels of the residents, while the cattle have been obliged to swim or drown. In the towns along the river-bank boats have been used to navigate the streets, and the second stories of the houses been resorted to for living. Where the house has been a small room, the roof has had to serve for a place of refuge until some means of escape has been found. In some places the houses have been built upon an elevation, and the families have staid therein, while the water has washed the door-steps and surrounded them for miles on all sides. The wild game of the Arkansas bottoms have been obliged to seek refuge on these high lands, and have supplied the people with food. Enormous herds of cattle have been drowned, and the damage to the farmers has been very great, thousands of acres of rich land being submerged.

A general view of the method of protecting the lands is very interesting. State, government, and private aid has gone to do all possible to confine the river to its natural course, and over $25,000,000 has been expended since the war with this object in view. The Mississippi River Commission, under guidance of the Department of War, was organized in 1879 "for the purpose of making plans, specifications, and recommendations for the navigation of the Mississippi River," but incidentally much has been done by that body in the way of protection. On a convex shore, where the water is shoal, the levee has been carried along the river edge as near as possible, as there is no danger under such conditions of a caving bank. Where the bank is liable to give away the levees are placed further back, and where a break in the levee itself has occurred from the caving of the bank, loops are made, joining the two broken parts. It must be borne in mind that the banks proper along the river are about forty feet high above low-water, and as the river rises five to seven feet over these banks, the levees are constructed of sufficient height to restrain the waters within their proper limits. The material is found on the spot, either clay or sand, as the case may be. A so-called "muck" ditch a few feet wide is dug along the centre line of the projected levee, down to where the earth is comparatively free of all organic matter, such as grass and roots of trees. By this method some adhesion to the ground is gained, and the artificial construction is not easily swept away. The earth is taken from the front of the levee line as near the water as the circumstances will permit. Standard levees have a "crown," or width at the top, of eight feet, except in the case of a very low levee, when the "crown" is not less than its height. The side slopes are one vertical to three or three and one-half horizontal. Present levees are carried up from two to three feet above the high-water mark of their position. The whole alluvial front of the river is leveed on the left bank, the principal line extending from Horn Lake, just below Memphis, to Vicksburg, covering the great Yazoo Basin. On the right bank of the river there are four principal sections which are liable to be overflowed. The first is known as the St. Francis front, which runs from Commerce, Missouri, to the St. Francis River. The White River front is the second, extending from Helena, Arkansas, to the mouth of the White and Arkansas rivers. The third and fourth, known as the Tensas and the Atchafalaya fronts, run respectively from the Arkansas River to the Red River in Louisiana, and from the Red River to New Orleans. The first two sections have received no government work except in limited localities, where it was merely incidental to the work of river improvement undertaken by the commission, and those fronts are everywhere exposed to the overflow except where private enterprise has done the work. The Social Circle Levee, near Laconia, Arkansas, is an example, and a notable one, of what has been done by the residents. These unprotected tracts have all been submerged, and the low lands turned into an enormous lake.

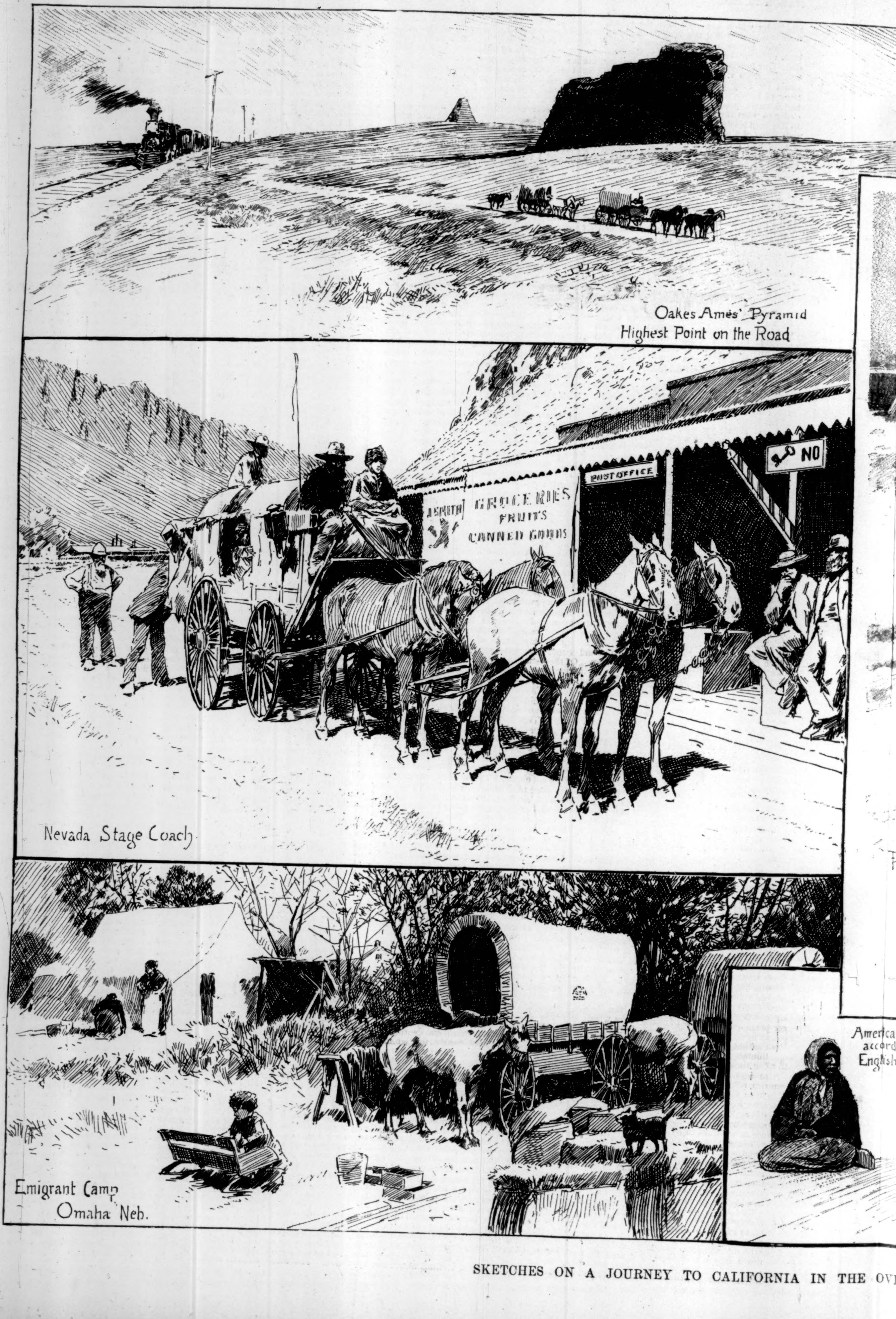
The overflow waters that pass over the upper part of this section spread over the northeastern part of Arkansas as far back as the high grounds, reaching their greatest width about opposite Memphis, and then pass back into the Mississippi by way of the St. Francis River. The overflow below Helena is carried back by the White River. From Arkansas City down, the river, comprising the third and fourth sections, is completely leveed. It was hoped this year that these levees had been sufficiently improved and strengthened to withstand any possible rise, but the rains of late have been so severe, and the snow in the mountains has melted so early, owing to the warm weather, that the volume of water from the Ohio River and below has been unprecedented. The Arkansas and White rivers steadily rose during the week, and when the Ohio River and its tributaries began to subside on Thursday, nearly all the streams below had risen beyond the floodmark of previous years.

At Arkansas City a heavy downpour of rain augmented the flood to such an extent that a crevasse four hundred feet wide was made in the levee, but prompt action prevented any further washing away of the works, although the break itself could not be repaired. At New Orleans on Friday the river was gradually rising, washing over the wharves and embankments, but making no breaks in the levees. Some of the streets were turned into miniature rivers, and the Sugar Exchange, Hotel Royal, the Cathedral, and the French Market were surrounded by water. All the time a heavy downpour of rain added to the misery and danger of the situation. At the time of writing the levees below Helena are in a precarious state, and all along the levee line of the Tensas district patrols keep watch day and night. The water in places has swept over the levees without breaking through them. All possible precautions at these points have been taken and boats with loads of sand bags to stop any break have passed up and down the stream, ready to render any assistance. The whole country is in a state of alarm, and the reports from the inundated districts give no promise of an early abatement. A rather sombre view of the situation is taken by the officials, but if the levees withstand the present strain that is put upon them, the people will be assured of safety in the future, as the present conditions of the weather and season are not likely to be duplicated for years to come.

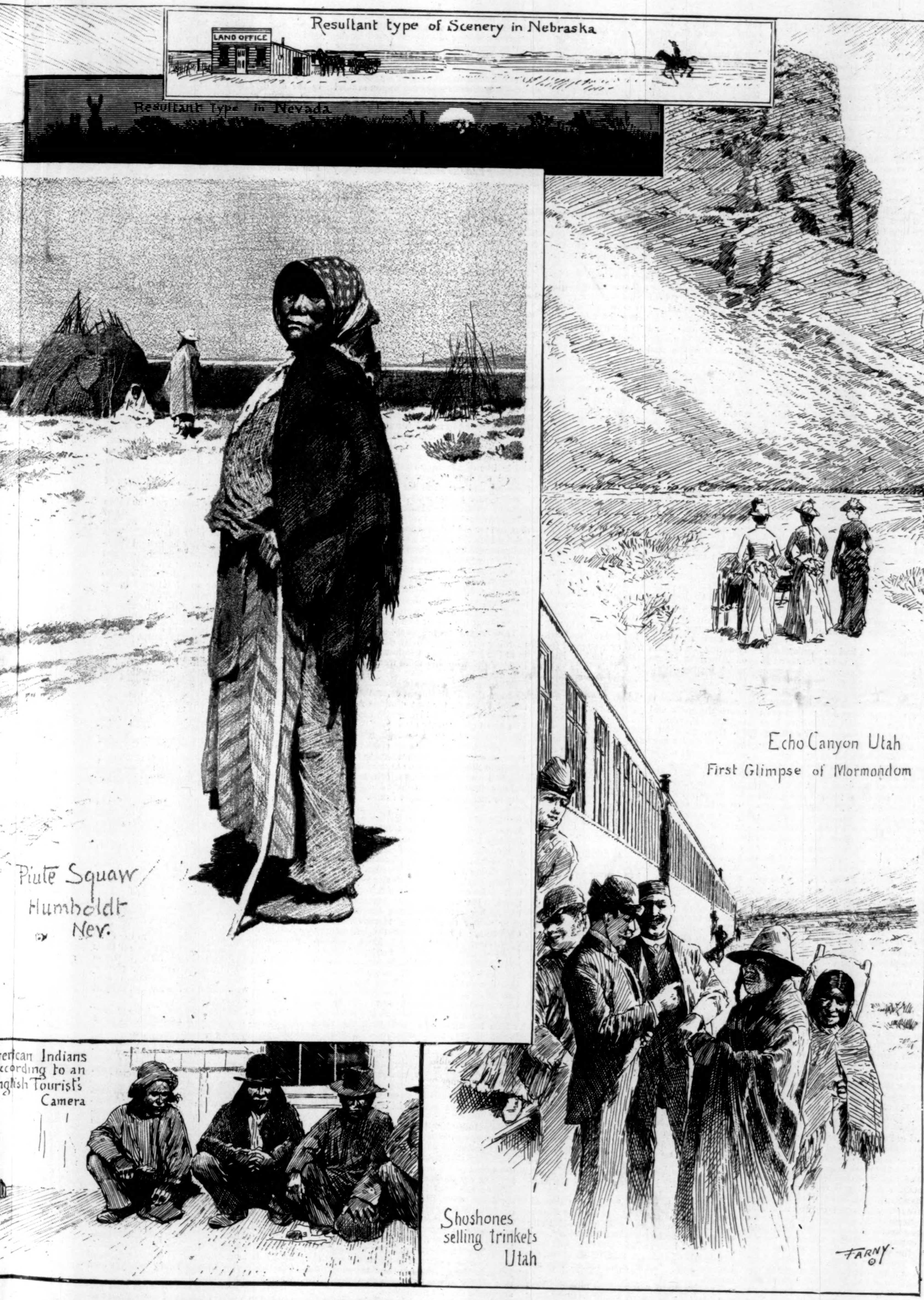
THE NORTHWEST MOUNTED POLICE.

In Mr. Frederic Remington's picture on another page most Americans will for the first time see the soldier-police of Canada in their winter uniforms. In the summer season they are so gay, with their little pill-box caps, red coats, and showy trousers, that they have stepped naturally into the note-book of every artist who has seen them, while with the people generally they have earned the nickname of the "dandies of the plains." Mainly seen by the travelling public at the stations of the Canadian Pacific Railroad, and swinging through the streets of the new prairie towns, the hard work that they have to perform has been lost sight of. Mr. Remington shows them to us amid surroundings that seem almost Siberian, and really it would be difficult to conceive of more rigorous winters on either hemisphere than they combat in Canada. The little squad in the picture, led by an officer and an Indian scout, is encountering a blizzard that is hurled down upon the plains from the Rockies or from the arctic zones. It is in such storms as that, or even in much milder ones, that the lonely emigrants who are building up that new land often lose their way, and die within pistol-shot of their sod cabins.

The discipline of the Northwest Mounted Police is said not to be so stern, and therefore not so admirable, from a military point of view, as it used to be a few years ago; but Canada owes to that little body of hardy men a splendid record of nation building, unmarked by the border ruffianism and frequent bloodshed that followed our Western development.



SKETCHES ON A JOURNEY TO CALIFORNIA IN THE OV



OVERLAND TRAIN.—Drawn by H. F. Farny.—[See Page 223.]

POLLY GRAYSON'S RANCH.

BY JENNY L. HOPKINS.

Polly Grayson was giving a dinner party. The invitations had not been gilt-edged, nor yet of those more modern varieties so familiar to persons who move in fashionable society. They were not sealed with Polly's monogram in wax. The initials "P. G." fancifully interlaced in red wax would have made the original Polly laugh until her sides were sore, for she was a plain little body, as you shall presently see.

Neither were the words "dinner at seven" written in accordance with the mandates of the very best form, on exquisitely engraved visiting cards, just below the name of the hostess. "Dinner at seven" would have been utterly unintelligible to Polly Grayson, who regarded that hour as more nearly approaching the time to retire to rest than as an appropriate one at which to dine.

In fact Polly's invitations had not been written at all, but delivered verbally from the somewhat startling and exalted position which that young woman occupied on a man's saddle, placed on the patient back of a sorry old nag, which its young mistress cheerfully referred to as Rawbones, for obvious reasons.

She rode on a man's saddle, and a borrowed one at that, because she could not afford one of her own, and made the best of it, in the sweet, uncomplaining way that had descended to her from her grandmother, who had been a pioneer before her. Polly's mother was cast in a different mould. Nothing was ever good enough for her, no matter how much toil and trouble it cost poor little Polly, who had supported her ever since she had been old enough to lead rustic youngsters through the intricate mazes of the English alphabet. Mrs. Grayson was the sort of woman who always wears a zephyr shawl, and, in her own estimation, continually hovers on the borders of eternity.

When sturdy little Polly went West to make her fortune, she was wise enough to leave her mother in the midst of that old and established civilization known to Westerners as "the effete East," where that lady most properly belonged. There was money enough for her to live upon in a small way. It had accrued from the girl's apparently insignificant earnings, to be sure, but that was neither here nor there; it was given freely, and Polly, thus relieved of all responsibility in the way of surplus cash, was off for the West, where she soon became an important factor in that small and primitive settlement known as Dimple Valley.

Polly Grayson's nose had an unmistakable tendency to turn up, nor were her other features characterized by the most faultless regularity, but, for all that, people always thought she was pretty. She had such frank, fearless gray eyes, such a dimpled, laughing mouth, and such very curly brown hair, that even the most fastidious could not but have been pleased with her, and it may readily be supposed that they were not fastidious in Dimple Valley.

She had ridden over an area of fully ten miles the day before the dinner party to bid her four guests to the feast. This was an important fact, but there existed one which was infinitely more so. The latter was remarkable and unusual. In Dimple Valley it stood for a single, isolated case. In civilization it would have been considered romantic, and Polly would have been enthusiastically denominated a heroine. This, however, was a standard of sentiment to which the scanty population of Dimple Valley had not yet attained.

That a solitary girl should have come from far New England into this wild new country to pre-empt a claim, and thus make for herself a permanent home, was at first rather a matter of surprise, but this was a shock from which her neighbors soon recovered, and the stalwart ranchmen whom Polly now met on her rounds about the country spoke to her of fences, boundary lines, ditches, wells, and other practical features quite as a matter of course, in fact just as they would have spoken to her brother if she had had one.

Now I may as well confess in the beginning that Polly Grayson's dinner party was not entirely without guile; that is, it was not given from purely social motives, nor because Polly had any particular desire to entertain her friends with the peculiarly limited means at her command, but because the law requires the affidavits of persons who have observed the cooking and eating of food in those wild and desolate spots known as settlers' claims. So, you see, Polly's dinner party was obligatory. Her guests were designed to act as witnesses to the lawful habitation of her homestead, and she would have been obliged to entertain them even if that proceeding had been excessively distasteful to her, which happily it was not, for the plucky girl-ranchman had a lively temperament, a warm heart, and an inexhaustible fund of good-nature.

The provisions that were so voraciously devoured in Dimple Valley, where the people developed abnormal appetites by constant hard out-door work, were brought a long distance, and seldom included anything approaching delicacies. Polly's little feast was as meagre as poverty and the slender resources of a virgin soil could make it. The girl herself lived principally on mountain berries and coarse bread of her own making, but when everything was in readiness that day, the young hostess retired a few steps and gazed not without a pleasant sense of satisfaction, at the result of her handiwork. The cloth was snow-white, and a mass of bright-hued wild flowers had been strewn carelessly over it; the cheap glass and china shone as only perfectly washed crockery can shine, and, wonder of wonders, four napkins had made a mysterious appearance from some unaccountable quarter, one of which was carefully laid at the plate of each guest.

Polly's little housewifely survey was interrupted by the sound of wheels, and the girl soon ran out to meet her guests, who had pooled their issues, so to speak, and come all together in one wagon—all but John Graham, who rode a Mexican pony in the rear of the vehicle.

Polly took out a chair for Aunt Mercy Maybrick, the lame old woman who kept the toll-gate that led into the mountains five miles away, to step out upon, shook hands all around, and escorted the party into the house with an innocent little air of proprietorship which would have furnished a fetching theme for a poet or a painter.

Her house had but one room, and was indeed a funny place for a dinner party as dinner parties go. Its furniture was that of the usual settler's cabin—a narrow bed, a small cooking stove, a rude cupboard and table, and two or three roughly contrived stools, which took the place of chairs; but, humble as it was, it was scrupulously clean, and, with its cheerful dinner table, made a not unpleasing picture.

Polly had resurrected an old white dress, and, with a bunch of wild flowers pinned at her belt, was looking her prettiest when she served the plain, coarse little dinner in a manner that had so much of grace in it that John Graham, the ranchman, who sat opposite her, thought her as lovely as the vision of an angel.

Graham was a sturdy, rather silent fellow, perhaps twenty-eight or thirty years of age, with broad, muscular shoulders, and great arms and legs which would have been the envy of an athlete. He had a rugged dark face, handsome dark eyes, and thick wavy black hair. His garb was coarse but cleanly. The impression he created was that of a man who has a vast amount of strength put away in careful reserve to be used only in time of emergency. Polly had some such notion as this regarding the young ranchman, although she could not have expressed it.

But if Graham was inclined to silence, so much could not be said of the other members of the party. Martin Dunn, an eccentric Irishman, with hair and whiskers in brilliant carmine, was as loquacious and witty as any son of Erin who ever stepped foot on American shores. Dunn had a laugh which seemed to shake Polly's little cabin almost to its foundations, and was an inimitable story-teller.

Then there were little Mrs. Maynard from across the creek, and Aunt Mercy Maybrick from the toll-gate. Mrs. Maynard was small and thin, and Aunt Mercy was large and fat. Mrs. Maynard was every inch the traditional mover's wife; anybody could have seen that with half an eye. She always had a baby in her arms; and they all looked so much alike, Aunt Mercy said, that when you hadn't seen the woman for a year or two, you would never have suspected the infant she held of being a new one if its patient, weary little mother had not ventured that bit of information by way of filling up the gaps in the conversation.

Aunt Mercy's hair was as crinkly as Mrs. Maynard's was straight, and its color was iron-gray. Her face was brown as a bit of parchment, and, like Martin Dunn's, her eyes were blue. She was very lame from the effects of rheumatism, and unable to walk without the assistance of a crutch.

When the meal was over, the Irishman tipped his chair against the wall and picked his teeth with his jack-knife. "Waal, Polly," he said, "ye've done well. Ye're a brave gurl, Polly, and I hope ye won't have no trouble when it comes time to 'prove up.'"

Poor Polly almost dropped the big pile of dishes she was carrying. "Trouble?" she cried—"trouble? What trouble can there be if one complies with every requirement of the law? Pray, Mr. Dunn, what do you mean by 'trouble'?"

Dunn's face got as red as his hair, and for the first time in his life his usually ready wit was at a loss for an answer.

Aunt Mercy, woman-like, came to the rescue. "Ye oughter know, Polly," she said, "that settlers has a hard time provin' their land sometimes, even when it's no fault o' theirn. Jonas, he had. Mr. Dunn here had to help him a good bit afore they'd give him the deed; but ye needn't worry, Polly; ye won't have no trouble. Jonas Maybrick ain't a bad man, if he is my husban', but ye an' him is two very differunt persons, Polly, *very differunt*. Don't ye think so, Mr. Graham?"

By which it was plain to infer that although Aunt Mercy did not wish to disparage Uncle Jonas, she still regarded Polly Grayson as the better man of the two.

"I don't believe Miss Grayson will have any trouble," Graham said, in his grave, deliberate way; "there is no reason why she should."

Mrs. Maynard managed to pipe out that she knew Mr. Maynard would do everything he could to help the girl if it ever came to a question of trouble in the matter of "proving up," which was a very remarkable offer indeed, considering the fact that Mr. Maynard had never "proved up" on a piece of land himself in the course of a lifetime of wanderings, having always preferred hitching up and moving on to the somewhat more laborious proceeding of earning the right to a title.

Then the women put on their sun-bonnets, and the Irishman brought the wagon around for an early departure.

John Graham came up to the door a moment after the others had gone, leading his pony by the bridle. "Don't worry, Miss Polly," he said; "there are those in Dimple Valley who'll see that a girl like you has fair play." Then he touched his broad hat to her, sprang into the saddle, and rode rapidly away.

Polly Grayson's cabin was nearly four miles distant from any vestige of civilization. There was not even so much as a "dug-out" to break the dull monotony of bare prairie that stretched away to the horizon, and the mountains were simply a gray outline. All the rest was grim, blank desolation.

The girl stood in the doorway a long time after her guests had departed, straining her quick ears to catch the last faint sound of wheels, and when that small bit of comfort had rumbled away into the distance, went about her household duties sadly, as unlike the blithe little hostess of the morning as one person could possibly be unlike another. The truth was the Irishman's idle words had sown the seeds of a dull sense of fear in Polly's heart that had never had place in that sunny little garden before.

When darkness closed in about the cabin, she lighted her lamp, and tried to compose her thoughts sufficiently to write a letter to her mother; but in vain, brain and hand alike seemed dumb. A small stock of well-worn books on a hanging shelf constituted her miniature library; but she could not read, and in lieu of anything else to do, had soon slipped the bolt of her door in its clumsy fastening and retired to her bed.

Polly was young and strong, and slept quite as well on that isolated ranch as she would have done in the very heart of civilization, so rosy old Somnus soon undid the mischief which the Irishman's unlucky blunder had wrought in the chambers of her brain. As she composed herself to rest, the vision of a stalwart horseman rose up before her, a deep voice said, "There are those in Dimple Valley, Miss Polly—" and the little girl-ranchman was off to a dream-land as rich in poetic imagery as that which is supposed to hover about the pillow of a princess.

Thus the night wore away, and the bright morning sun, which finally came streaming in at the little narrow window, put new life into the girl, who once more went light-heartedly about her daily tasks.

When winter came, the local authorities decided that Polly might have the district school to teach, for that glorious American institution existed, under certain restrictions, in a small pine shanty about five miles from the girl's land. It was a long, hard winter for Polly, but her scanty earnings furnished the necessary means with which to make the requisite improvements on her claim, and she would have considered herself the most slothful of beings had she neglected any opportunity to increase her slender funds.

"There's going to be a dance at Aunt Mercy Maybrick's to-night, Miss Polly, and she and Uncle Jonas sent me to ask you to come over. If it's agreeable, I'll call for you. I thought that might be pleasanter for you than riding across the prairie alone."

John Graham blushed to the roots of his hair as he delivered this characteristic invitation. He was sitting on his pony again before her cabin door. It was a bright, clear winter morning, and moreover it was Christmas; none of your murky, muggy Christmases, but a genuine, ideal, old-fashioned winter holiday. A family of brown snow-birds which had built its nest under the roof of Polly Grayson's cabin twittered a welcome to her guest, but I am afraid it was lost on John Graham, for there in the doorway stood Polly herself—pretty Polly, the school-children called her—in her red hood, which harmonized so well with the vivid bloom of her cheeks and the deep gray of her eyes. The rude grayish frame of the door made an effective setting for the picture, which, with its warm dash of color and its sweet young face, appealed more strongly to John Graham than ever one of Lely's portraits would have done, even if the young man's lot had been cast under different skies.

Now Polly loved to dance, and the little brown sparrows, who perhaps were in the secret, instantly set up such a laughing and chattering that Graham could scarcely hear the sound of his own voice when he wished her a merry Christmas and rode away.

Then she went into the house and began to dance with all her heart in her eyes, dragging a chair around with her for a partner. No city belle ever anticipated the prospect of a grand ball with half so much pleasure as Polly did that country dance in Jonas Maybrick's cabin. The very sight of her as she set cheerfully about darning the holes in her much-worn best merino gown that afternoon would have been a conclusive argument against pessimism.

At precisely six o'clock John Graham's sleigh was at the door, and Polly, festively attired in the old crimson cashmere, with a bit of lace at her throat, stood ready and waiting. There were little ripples in her brown hair, which she had always considered very undignified, and vainly strove on this occasion to repress; very coquettish ripples they were too; and I think if Polly could have known how John Graham admired them as she stood tying her hood on in the fire-light, she would not have made such savage attacks on them in future as had long been her wont; but whatever Graham's thoughts were, it was the habit of a lifetime with him not to express them. He did not depart from his usual rule that Christmas night when he drove with Polly Grayson to Aunt Mercy Maybrick's dance, and the responsive girl at his side, who was bubbling over with good spirits, was rather awed by his reserve than otherwise.

"Good-evening, Miss Polly! Good-evening, Mr. Graham!" cried a cheery voice, as the brisk pony drew up at last before Aunt Mercy's door. "I hope you haven't suffered from the effects of the cold? Ah! I beg pardon! let me help you, Miss Grayson;" for the smart Mexican pony, slightly startled by the clear, unknown voice, had plunged a little, and so managed to monopolize all his master's attention by obliging that gentleman to stand very close at his head. Then a tall, handsome figure, in fashionably cut black clothes, came forward and lifted Polly out of the sleigh in a manner that was almost Chesterfieldian in Dimple Valley. Charles Mayne, or Charlie, as he was known to the settlers throughout the surrounding country, was the registrar of the land-office. He lived in a small town, and had an air which distinguished him in a marked fashion from the ranchmen—a fact which did not prevent him from being extremely popular among them. He accompanied Polly into the cabin while Graham led the refractory pony to the barn, assisted her to lay off her wraps, and then went amiably to help Aunt Mercy prepare the liquid refreshment, which, as the night was so cold, was no less than a great bowl of steaming hot punch.

The scene which the interior of the cabin presented was unique in the extreme. Aunt Mercy's establishment, like those of her neighbors, boasted of only one room. This contained the usual clumsy household appliances, with the addition of several guns and a lot of fishing-tackle slung up against the rafters. The house was lighted with a single lamp and a score or so of tallow candles stuck in bottles, and placed wherever a convenient ledge presented itself. Branches of evergreen had been brought down from the mountains and hung about in profusion. A row of narrow benches, used as seats, extended around the entire room, and in one corner sat the host, scraping his ancient fiddle until it shrieked in agony.

Jonas Maybrick was a tall, rawboned old man, who looked as if he might have been first designed in charcoal, and then gradually worked out in human flesh. He had an odd, melancholy way of plying his bow, which gave that eccentric performance the appearance of being the most serious proceeding of his life.

Aunt Mercy received the guests in a gown of red and black "barred" calico, with green ribbons fluttering at her belt and in her crinkly hair.

I am sure nobody will be surprised to learn that Polly Grayson was the belle of the ball. She danced until her cheeks were as red as her dress, and then she danced again until they were redder, and, finally, Charlie Mayne, who was, of course, the best dancer of all the men, and had danced with her times without number—John Graham being too diffident to try his luck in any but the most commonplace figures—brought her shawl, and took her out into the frosty moonlight for a bit of air. The mountains which towered behind Uncle Jonas's cabin made a grand and imposing background to the clear white night. The tall evergreens on their sides formed a dark, romantic forest, in whose depths the warm imagination might picture a host of brownies at their Christmas revels. There was inspiration in the air, and the girl felt it in her every fibre.

"Oh, Mr. Mayne," she said, "I am so happy! I feel to-night as if I never could grow old."

"There are others who would like to be happy too, Miss Grayson," he said, significantly. "I, for instance; and that can only happen, you know, if Miss Polly Grayson will consent to be my wife."

The girl shrank in terror. There was that about Charlie Mayne which did not recommend him as a lover, no matter how agreeable his attentions might prove as a partner in the dance. The sweet peaceful scene seemed suddenly to have changed. "Impossible," she replied, coldly. And then, as courteously as she could: "Let us go into the house, Mr. Mayne. I think it is getting time to be going home."

Even then he would have detained her, but she turned and fled.

"Waal, Polly, be ye ready to face the music? Faith, my gurl, it's not you whose lookin' chicken-hearted this foine spring mornin', an' I'll bet my best pair o' Sunday galluses that this part o' Dimple Valley 'll be yer own property afore night."

Here the Irishman drowned his own eloquence in a deep draught of water from Polly's well, while Aunt Mercy Maybrick and John Graham, who sat in his smart wagon in front of the cabin, smiled at his good-

natured drolleries. Polly Grayson, who was locking the cabin door and pulling on a pair of little threadbare gray cotton gloves at the same time, laughed too, and made some gay response. She was as pretty as a picture, in a little pink print gown, with a big rough straw hat on her head and a bunch of daisies at her belt, for spring had come again, and all the voices of nature were waking up once more to greet her. The prairie was dotted with wild flowers of many hues, and Polly was never happier than when they tucked her in at Aunt Mercy's side in Martin Dunn's big wagon, and set off in the sweet coolness of the morning for Irwinton, where she was to make final proof on her claim, having been unavoidably delayed several months on account of the late heavy snows, which had made travel impossible in the valley.

The Irishman, who, like the merciful man of Scripture, believed in being merciful to his beast, drove at such a leisurely pace that it was considerably past noon when the party arrived at Irwinton, and made its way immediately to the land-office. As they approached that august establishment, Dunn, who always took the lead, opened the door, and Polly, following closely behind him, felt her heart throb painfully as she realized how much she had at stake, and remembered how embarrassing had been her last meeting with the registrar. Her cheeks flamed scarlet and her eyes brightened with excitement as she entered the dingy little office in which Charles Mayne had been placed by the government in the interests of right and justice. Mayne was as handsome as ever, and quite as genial.

"So you've come to make final proof, have you, Miss Polly?" he said, as he shook hands cordially all around. "Well, there should be no trouble about that. Your case is plain enough, I guess. I know you've done what no other woman ever did in Dimple Valley. But you'll have to wait on me for a month. I'm so piled up with work I can't possibly do anything for you before that time."

Then the affable registrar invited the party out to dinner, keeping up such a rattling fire of friendly talk all the time that the girl quite forgot her tremor, and really enjoyed Mayne's hospitality, which had a thread of brightness running through it that must have recommended him to anybody with whom he came in contact.

But when the big wagon rolled away, the young man's smiles changed to frowns. A scowl came over his handsome, regular features as a dark cloud sometimes obscures the sun. "D—n Miss Impertinence!" he muttered. "I'll teach her to fling over a gentleman for a brute of a ranchman like John Graham. I'll teach her a lesson that will last her a lifetime."

A month later Polly Grayson, coming in flushed and tired from a long day's jaunt among the berry bushes, gave a low exclamation of pleased surprise as she beheld a letter lying on the table addressed to her in Charles Mayne's bold, handsome handwriting. The carrier, who brought the mail twice a week from Irwinton, upon finding her out had raised the window and dropped the letter on the table, as was his wont. Polly's dress was torn from the sharp contact it had had all day with the thorny berry bushes. Her hands were stained, and her hair had escaped from its fastenings and fallen over her shoulders in tangled, curly masses. Old Rawbones stood before the door eagerly crunching a measure of oats. Girl and horse alike were spent with exercise and fasting, but Polly forgot her weariness and hunger when she saw that letter. Eagerly she tore the seal, and read as only one can read where something of vital interest is concerned; but her brain had not absorbed the contents of the first four lines when her brown face turned ashy white, and her hands trembled as if she had been in a palsy. The letter was simply a cold, curt note from Mayne, who unconditionally rejected her proof, alleging as the cause of his action the flimsy reasons that Polly had not ploughed her own land, and that her cabin had been built partly of material that had been used before. The epistle was apparently studied in its coldness, and could not have been more cruel if it had contained dynamite.

The girl staggered to the open door, and sat down on the rude threshold, holding her head in her hands. She did not weep; on the contrary, a sort of silent anguish seemed turning her to stone. The horse, who by this time had finished his homely repast, turned his large, luminous, yellow eyes toward her, and stooping, as he often did—for they were very good friends, this solitary pair—gently touched her soft brown cheek with his own, but for the first time there was no response. It is doubtful even if the girl saw him, so intent was she on her misery.

She sat thus for some time until the shadows thrown by the roof began to grow long, indicating the approach of night, when she rose hastily, bathed her face and hands, pinned up her hair, and changed her torn gown for one that was fresh and clean. Then she clapped the saddle on the horse's back, sprang into it, and turning about in her seat looked back at the little lonely house, which she seemed to be leaving forever.

As she rode away across the broad prairie, she turned many times in her saddle to catch a last glimpse of the solitary cabin which had been her only shelter from biting storms and scorching suns for many months. Once she stopped her horse, and, turning, saw its rude sides bathed in the deep crimson light of the sunset. The proudest of earth's castles, with gleaming towers and glistening spires kissed by the departing god of day could not have impressed her more keenly at that moment. A wan smile lighted her face as she rode along, thinking drearily of the bitter sacrifice which she had made for naught.

The arch of the sky was as blue as the sun could make it, and there was a delicious odor of mountain pine and berry in the air the next morning, as John Graham left his pony at the toll-gate and walked onward to the cabin. Aunt Mercy greeted him with heavy eyes. For the first time since he had known her, the young man observed that the poor woman's house-keeping was at sixes and sevens.

The truth was that Aunt Mercy had had no sleep the night before, and consequently had not been able to go through the usual routine of "cleaning up" in the morning. Graham had come to see Uncle Jonas on some small matter of business, and was not in the least prepared for the sad news which Aunt Mercy soon poured into his ears regarding the rejection of Polly Grayson's proof by the registrar. The girl had come there the night before, she told him, looking like a ghost, and having but little to say, after she had told her kind friends at the toll-gate of the contents of Mayne's letter.

"If she'd only cry an' carry on like any other gal, I wouldn't be so worritted about her," Aunt Mercy said; "but she jest sets still, an' holds her hands. Oh, John, it's dreadful! Jest to think o' what the poor child's been through, livin' thar alone winter and summer, 'thout no money to use, 'ceptin' what she earned teachin' that mizable school. An' then to think she's got to go back East to her sick ma an' that ole curmudgeon of a uncle! It goes agin me awful, John." And here Aunt Mercy broke down completely.

"Jonas he tried his best to git her to live on her claim another six month, an' try it agin," she continued, presently; "but she won't listen to that nohow. She says she can see now that Charlie Mayne's her enemy, an' it would be jest the same thing over agin. Hadn't ploughed her own land! Whoever'd expect a gal like that to plough? Jonas he went over an' ploughed it fur her. Polly was nailin' the shingles on the roof that day, an' bankin' up about the cabin. She 'lowed fur to do the ploughin' too—she done everythin' else, ye know—but Jonas he 'lowed them plough handles was too heavy fur her. Oh dear! it jest breaks my heart."

Up to this time Aunt Mercy had been too much occupied with her story to observe Graham's evident agitation. When she paused to take breath again she saw that his face was full of righteous wrath, and his great hands were clinched.

"What can Mayne have against the girl?" he asked, in such a cold, hard tone that it startled Aunt Mercy as if it had been the voice of a stranger. The old woman stared at the big ranchman's innocence.

"Waal, John Graham," she answered, dryly, "I 'ain't axed Polly what's the matter, but it looks to a man up a tree consid'able like Charlie Mayne he wanted to marry her, an' she wouldn't have him."

Then hope seemed to kindle in that strong, dark face. "Where is Polly this morning?" Graham asked, abruptly.

"Gone up in the mountings. She hadn't slep' none, and thought as how mebbe the fresh air 'ud do her good; so Jonas he saddled her horse fur her, an' she rode up. I take it she rode as fur up as she could. She says the purtiest flowers alwus grows nighest the top."

It did not take John Graham long to spring into his saddle, pay Aunt Mercy the pittance imposed as toll, and urge his fleet-footed pony up the side of the mountain. There, on a large flat rock under the shadow of a clump of trees, he found Polly Grayson, sitting idly with her hands folded in her lap, as Aunt Mercy had said. Her eyes were heavy and sad, and her usually happy face wore an expression of unutterable suffering and disappointment.

Graham dismounted and stood before her. "Polly," he said, simply, "Aunt Mercy has told me what has happened. I know what a disappointment this must be to you. It is the unfairest thing that ever happened in Dimple Valley. But, Polly, I proved my claim nearly two years ago; it will soon be under good cultivation; and—and, Polly, I have always loved you. I have never told you so before, because I am only an ignorant fellow, and I never thought I had any chance with such a lady as you are. But, oh! Polly, never mind your claim. Let it go. I have enough for both. Say that you will be my wife."

The ranchman paused for an answer. He was leaning against a tree under the cool green shadows. There was a soft soughing of the summer wind among the lacy branches of the evergreens. Far below, the silvery water of the cañon rippled tunefully on its way. Birds sang above them, and flowers blossomed at their feet. It was a fitting spot for a wooing. All the sweet influences of earth and air seemed in perfect harmony with the tender sentiment of love.

Just how it came about, the reversal of that decision in the matter of Polly Grayson's land, which she received by mail within ten days after the original document had been placed on her table by the Irwinton carrier, was never exactly known to the inhabitants of Dimple Valley, but it was popularly supposed that John Graham, the big ranchman, who went over to the land-office in less than a week after that infamous paper had made its appearance, literally thrashed the young registrar into changing his mind; but however all that may have been, Polly received the second document with a glad cry of rejoicing, which, to use Aunt Mercy's expression, "jest turned her right inter the same gal agin, for all the world like them fairy stories ye read about."

John and Polly were married that fall. Uncle Jonas and Aunt Mercy tendered their cabin for the celebration of that joyous event, and Martin Dunn and the whole Maynard family danced at the wedding. In fact, Aunt Mercy herself threw away her crutches long enough to take a few turns about the room, supported by the iron grasp of her tall Rembrandt-faced "old man," who, in honor of so great an occasion, had for once delegated the important function of fiddling to another, that he might join in the general merriment.

Mr. and Mrs. John Graham are among the most prosperous settlers of Dimple Valley. It was finally decided to build the new house—which, by-the-way, is one of the finest ranch buildings in that part of the West—on Polly's land, where it stands to this day a fitting monument to the energy and enterprise of a brave young girl.

TO CALIFORNIA BY THE OVERLAND TRAIN.

As the Union Pacific overland express train leaves Omaha it passes an emigrant party encamped near the track. The white-topped wagons, with horses feeding at their ends; the household goods strewed about on the ground, and tumbling among them, the children and dogs at play; the women, in sun-bonnets and calico dresses, cooking supper over fires of dry sticks in the open air—present quaintly a type of the days long ago when the "prairie schooner" was the only craft that navigated the trackless sea of the plains. Since those days the overland stage has come and gone, and the railway, which has covered the old trails with its road-bed and iron rails, leaves the settler almost at the very boundary of the government section which he intends to homestead and improve.

The impressions of eastern Nebraska derived during the earlier hours of the night ride are of a succession of shadowy towns twinkling with lights; farm-houses, with orchards and outbuildings; on the right rolling hills, and on the left the line of cottonwoods and willows that fringe the Platte.

The next morning presents a different scene: a rolling, treeless prairie, on which, instead of farm-houses and corn fields, are to be seen sheep and cattle ranches wide apart, and now and then a conspicuous figure in the bare landscape—a lone shepherd or galloping cow-boy. The way stations, most of which the train passes at full speed, invariably contain, besides the railway station building, a wooden structure with a pretentious square false front, glaringly white, which seems to have been erected solely for the purpose of giving full force and effect to the words "Land-office," painted across the front in the largest possible letters. In proportion to the importance of the place are the incidental features of general merchandise stores, saloons, and dwelling-houses.

To the inexperienced traveller the prairie over which he is passing seems in its general contour to be level, and the train runs so smoothly that he does not perceive that the grades are steadily ascending. It is with astonishment that he realizes on his arrival early in the afternoon at Cheyenne that he is over 6000 feet above the sea, and nearly a mile higher than Omaha. But the effects of the altitude are apparent in various ways. One breathes more quickly than at a lower level, and if, being unaccustomed to the elevation, he undertakes any active exertion, he finds himself unexpectedly out of breath. The brightness and transparency of the rarefied air is the cause of much deception to persons new in the country when they attempt to estimate the distances of remote objects, and the eye unconsciously is strained in the effort to identify details which are minute in the far perspective. Such visitors learn with surprise that a peak which to them seems to be only five or six miles distant may in reality be fifty or sixty miles away.

A pleasant feature of the overland ride by train is the social unbending of the passengers after a few hours' riding. The effect of the vast surrounding solitudes, and the influence of the free-and-easy fashions of the Western people, is to make the travellers companionable. Stiffness vanishes; and any person may safely open a conversation with another without the ceremony of an introduction. Questions are freely asked and willingly answered, information referring to objects of interest on the route is volunteered, and jokes and stories are interchanged among people who have never met until the journey was begun. If some "old-timer" is on the train—one of those pioneers who, as the Western saying is, was on the plains "when the rivers were runlets and the mountains were little hills"—his accounts of frontier adventures are sought for and eagerly listened to by his fellow-travellers. If several plainsmen happen to fall together, they are apt, for their own amusement, to invent some astounding stories for the edification of the "tenderfoot," as the traveller who is making his first journey over the plains is called.

Through the mountains which present a wonderful panorama of cloud-capped peaks, beetling, strangely tinted crags, and lovely parks, the train winds for a night and a day. At Sherman, with an altitude of 8247 feet, the summit of the Rocky Mountains is passed. As the train draws away from the station there is seen from the car windows the huge, grotesque Hippopotamus Rock, and near it, opposite the highest point of the railway, the pyramidal stone monument erected to Oakes Ames, who was so prominently identified with the Union Pacific road in its beginning. At Echo Cañon, above the walls of which are the ruins of old Mormon fortifications, the first view of Utah is obtained, but the Latter-Day Saints are not by any visible difference to be distinguished from the other people seen on the cars and at the way-side stations. A few hours later, at Monument, the Great American Desert opens ahead. It is a dreary prospect. The hot, dry breeze has an alkaline odor, and is laden with impalpable dust. Sage-brush, grease-wood, cactus, and sand-grass are the prevailing vegetation. The jack-rabbit, prairie-dog, and coyote find in some way a living on the barren waste, and are occasionally seen from the train. The ground is white with alkali, and the few pools are intensely salt. The desert lies in the wide depression between the Rocky and the Sierra Nevada ranges, which shut off the sea, clouds, and breezes on either hand. Into this basin the Nevada rivers flow from the mountains, and becoming smaller as they proceed, are swallowed up in the desert sands.

In Utah and eastern Nevada the Shoshone Indians are seen at the station platforms, and their encampments—squalid wigwams made of poles, brush, and bits of old canvas or army blankets—are often in view. In western Nevada the Washoes and Piutes are encountered. All of these tribes have much the same characteristics. They are nomads, living in little communities without much semblance of tribal organization, and they wander wherever they can best find roots, berries, and coniferous nuts; this fare they help out with locusts, larvæ, and reptiles. They are voracious eaters, fond of whiskey and tobacco, and are inveterate gamblers. In order to secure the means to indulge these tastes they at times consent to work, and often engage as laborers with the white ranchmen.

Arrayed in the cast-off garments of the white people, or the cheap "ready-made" clothes of the shops, the appearance of the Nevada Indian suggests the Italian garbage gatherers of the Eastern cities, rather than the picturesque brigand who, armed with bows and lances, swept the plains a quarter of a century ago.

The Indian women, clad in soiled calico gowns, bareheaded, or wearing felt hats, and sometimes with a gay handkerchief tied about their coarse braided hair, like the Southern aunties, often with a baby hanging from the flat pappoose basket at their backs, come to the platforms of the cars to sell trinkets, beaded moccasins, and purses, baskets woven from willows and soap-weed, necklaces of acorns and quartz crystals and agates.

The narrow valleys of the Nevada streams, when irrigated and properly cultivated, are very productive; but it does not seem in passing that even these scanty available lands are utilized. Since the days of the splendid prosperity of the mines on the Comstock lode, the State has slowly been receding in wealth and population. Here, before the straggling building which is the hotel, post-office, and principal gambling saloon of one of these sleepy towns is a sight that recalls the time of Ben Holliday and his famous overland stage line. These lines, connecting the towns on the railroad lines with those of the interior, are still numerous throughout the far West, but as their principal reliance for remunerative support is on the carrying of the United States mail, a buck-board often takes the place of the covered coach. The men who handle the reins on these star route lines are usually old overland drivers, who, when in the mood, beguile the time of the passenger with many a stirring reminiscence of the days of the transcontinental stage lines. But these veteran drivers have a hard and often unsuccessful struggle in the endeavor to keep up the lordly dignity and air of supreme importance which was their prerogative when they were potentates on the plains. They feel that the palmy days of staging are over. With the coming of the railroad they have seen the buffalo swept from the plain, and the Indian subdued and confined upon reservations, and they feel that these changes are typical of their own fate. They sadly realize that their glories are of a past epoch, and that the brightly uniformed railroad conductor of the whizzing train has irrevocably supplanted them.

The railroad ride from Nevada to San Francisco is one of the pleasantest parts of the overland trip. The mountain air and grand scenery of the Sierra Nevadas are succeeded by the pleasant pastoral and farming landscape of the slope that leads down to the coast, and the last stage of the journey is a boat ride of six miles across an arm of the sea from Oakland to San Francisco.

Clarence Pullen.

POLLY GRAYSON'S RANCH.

BY JENNY L. HOPKINS.

POLLY GRAYSON was giving a dinner party.

The invitations had not been gilt-edged, nor yet of those more modern varieties so familiar to persons who move in fashionable society. They were not sealed with Polly's monogram in wax. The initials "P. G." fancifully interlaced in red wax would have made the original Polly laugh until her sides were sore, for she was a plain little body, as you shall presently see.

Neither were the words "dinner at seven" written in accordance with the mandates of the very best form, on exquisitely engraved visiting cards, just below the name of the hostess. "Dinner at seven" would have been utterly unintelligible to Polly Grayson, who regarded that hour as more nearly approaching the time to retire to rest than as an appropriate one at which to dine.

In fact Polly's invitations had not been written at all, but delivered verbally from the somewhat startling and exalted position which that young woman occupied on a man's saddle, placed on the patient back of a sorry old nag, which its young mistress cheerfully referred to as Rawbones, for obvious reasons.

She rode on a man's saddle, and a borrowed one at that, because she could not afford one of her own, and made the best of it, in the sweet, uncomplaining way that had descended to her from her grandmother, who had been a pioneer before her. Polly's mother was cast in a different mould. Nothing was ever good enough for her, no matter how much toil and trouble it cost poor little Polly, who had supported her ever since she had been old enough to lead rustic youngsters through the intricate mazes of the English alphabet. Mrs. Grayson was the sort of woman who always wears a zephyr shawl, and, in her own estimation, continually hovers on the borders of eternity.

When sturdy little Polly went West to make her fortune, she was wise enough to leave her mother in the midst of that old and established civilization known to Westerners as "the effete East," where that lady most properly belonged. There was money enough for her to live upon in a small way. It had accrued from the girl's apparently insignificant earnings, to be sure, but that was neither here nor there; it was given freely, and Polly, thus relieved of all responsibility in the way of surplus cash, was off for the West, where she soon became an important factor in that small and primitive settlement known as Dimple Valley.

Polly Grayson's nose had an unmistakable tendency to turn up, nor were her other features characterized by the most faultless regularity, but, for all that, people always thought she was pretty. She had such frank, fearless gray eyes, such a dimpled, laughing mouth, and such very curly brown hair, that even the most fastidious could not but have been pleased with her, and it may readily be supposed that they were not fastidious in Dimple Valley.

She had ridden over an area of fully ten miles the day before the dinner party to bid her four guests to the feast. This was an important fact, but there existed one which was infinitely more so. The latter was remarkable and unusual. In Dimple Valley it stood for a single, isolated case. In civilization it would have been considered romantic, and Polly would have been enthusiastically denominated a heroine. This, however, was a standard of sentiment to which the scanty population of Dimple Valley had not yet attained.

That a solitary girl should have come from far New England into this wild new country to pre-empt a claim, and thus make for herself a permanent home, was at first rather a matter of surprise, but this was a shock from which her neighbors soon recovered, and the stalwart ranchmen whom Polly now met on her rounds about the country spoke to her of fences, boundary lines, ditches, wells, and other practical features quite as a matter of course, in fact just as they would have spoken to her brother if she had had one.

Now I may as well confess in the beginning that Polly Grayson's dinner party was not entirely without guile; that is, it was not given from purely social motives, nor because Polly had any particular desire to entertain her friends with the peculiarly limited means at her command, but because the law requires the affidavits of persons who have observed the cooking and eating of food in those wild and desolate spots known as settlers' claims. So, you see, Polly's dinner party was obligatory. Her guests were designed to act as witnesses to the lawful habitation of her homestead, and she would have been obliged to entertain them even if that proceeding had been excessively distasteful to her, which happily it was not, for the plucky girl-ranchman had a lively temperament, a warm heart, and an inexhaustible fund of good-nature.

The provisions that were so voraciously devoured in Dimple Valley, where the people developed abnormal appetites by constant hard out-door work, were brought a long distance, and seldom included anything approaching delicacies. Polly's little feast was as meagre as poverty and the slender resources of a virgin soil could make it. The girl herself lived principally on mountain berries and coarse bread of her own making, but when everything was in readiness that day, the young hostess retired a few steps and gazed not without a pleasant sense of satisfaction, at the result of her handiwork. The cloth was snow-white, and a mass of bright-hued wild flowers had been strewn carelessly over it; the cheap glass and china shone as only perfectly washed crockery can shine, and, wonder of wonders, four napkins had made a mysterious appearance from some unaccountable quarter, one of which was carefully laid at the plate of each guest.

Polly's little housewifely survey was interrupted by the sound of wheels, and the girl soon ran out to meet her guests, who had pooled their issues, so to speak, and come all together in one wagon—all but John Graham, who rode a Mexican pony in the rear of the vehicle.

Polly took out a chair for Aunt Mercy Maybrick, the lame old woman who kept the toll-gate that led into the mountains five miles away, to step out upon, shook hands all around, and escorted the party into the house with an innocent little air of proprietorship which would have furnished a fetching theme for a poet or a painter.

Her house had but one room, and was indeed a funny place for a dinner party as dinner parties go. Its furniture was that of the usual settler's cabin—a narrow bed, a small cooking stove, a rude cupboard and table, and two or three roughly contrived stools, which took the place of chairs; but, humble as it was, it was scrupulously clean, and, with its cheerful dinner table, made a not unpleasing picture.

Polly had resurrected an old white dress, and, with a bunch of wild flowers pinned at her belt, was looking her prettiest when she served the plain, coarse little dinner in a manner that had so much of grace in it that John Graham, the ranchman, who sat opposite her, thought her as lovely as the vision of an angel.

Graham was a sturdy, rather silent fellow, perhaps twenty-eight or thirty years of age, with broad, muscular shoulders, and great arms and legs which would have been the envy of an athlete. He had a rugged dark face, handsome dark eyes, and thick wavy black hair. His garb was coarse but cleanly. The impression he created was that of a man who has a vast amount of strength put away in careful reserve to be used only in time of emergency. Polly had some such notion as this regarding the young ranchman, although she could not have expressed it.

But if Graham was inclined to silence, so much could not be said of the other members of the party. Martin Dunn, an eccentric Irishman, with hair and whiskers in brilliant carmine, was as loquacious and witty as any son of Erin who ever stepped foot on American shores. Dunn had a laugh which seemed to shake Polly's little cabin almost to its foundations, and was an inimitable story-teller.

Then there were little Mrs. Maynard from across the creek, and Aunt Mercy Maybrick from the toll-gate. Mrs. Maynard was small and thin, and Aunt Mercy was large and fat. Mrs. Maynard was every inch the traditional mover's wife; anybody could have seen that with half an eye. She always had a baby in her arms; and they all looked so much alike, Aunt Mercy said, that when you hadn't seen the woman for a year or two, you would never have suspected the infant she held of being a new one if its patient, weary little mother had not ventured that bit of information by way of filling up the gaps in the conversation.

Aunt Mercy's hair was as crinkly as Mrs. Maynard's was straight, and its color was iron-gray. Her face was brown as a bit of parchment, and, like Martin Dunn's, her eyes were blue. She was very lame from the effects of rheumatism, and unable to walk without the assistance of a crutch.

When the meal was over, the Irishman tipped his chair against the wall and picked his teeth with his jack-knife. "Waal, Polly," he said, "ye've done well. Ye're a brave gurl, Polly, and I hope ye won't have no trouble when it comes time to 'prove up.'"

Poor Polly almost dropped the big pile of dishes she was carrying. "Trouble?" she cried—"trouble? What trouble can there be if one complies with every requirement of the law? Pray, Mr. Dunn, what do you mean by 'trouble'?"

Dunn's face got as red as his hair, and for the first time in his life his usually ready wit was at a loss for an answer.

Aunt Mercy, woman-like, came to the rescue. "Ye oughter know, Polly," she said, "that settlers has a hard time provin' their land sometimes, even when it's no fault o' theirn. Jonas, he had. Mr. Dunn here had to help him a good bit afore they'd give him the deed; but ye needn't worry, Polly; ye won't have no trouble. Jonas Maybrick ain't a bad man, if he is my husban', but ye an' him is two very differunt persons, Polly, *very differunt*. Don't ye think so, Mr. Graham?"

By which it was plain to infer that although Aunt Mercy did not wish to disparage Uncle Jonas, she still regarded Polly Grayson as the better man of the two.

"I don't believe Miss Grayson will have any trouble," Graham said, in his grave, deliberate way; "there is no reason why she should."

Mrs. Maynard managed to pipe out that she knew Mr. Maynard would do everything he could to help the girl if it ever came to a question of trouble in the matter of "proving up," which was a very remarkable offer indeed, considering the fact that Mr. Maynard had never "proved up" on a piece of land himself in the course of a lifetime of wanderings, having always preferred hitching up and moving on to the somewhat more laborious proceeding of earning the right to a title.

Then the women put on their sun-bonnets, and the Irishman brought the wagon around for an early departure.

John Graham came up to the door a moment after the others had gone, leading his pony by the bridle. "Don't worry, Miss Polly," he said; "there are those in Dimple Valley who'll see that a girl like you has fair play." Then he touched his broad hat to her, sprang into the saddle, and rode rapidly away.

Polly Grayson's cabin was nearly four miles distant from any vestige of civilization. There was not even so much as a "dug-out" to break the dull monotony of bare prairie that stretched away to the horizon, and the mountains were simply a gray outline. All the rest was grim, blank desolation.

The girl stood in the doorway a long time after her guests had departed, straining her quick ears to catch the last faint sound of wheels, and when that small bit of comfort had rumbled away into the distance, went about her household duties sadly, as unlike the blithe little hostess of the morning as one person could possibly be unlike another. The truth was the Irishman's idle words had sown the seeds of a dull sense of fear in Polly's heart that had never had place in that sunny little garden before.

When darkness closed in about the cabin, she lighted her lamp, and tried to compose her thoughts sufficiently to write a letter to her mother; but in vain, brain and hand alike seemed dumb. A small stock of well-worn books on a hanging shelf constituted her miniature library; but she could not read, and in lieu of anything else to do, had soon slipped the bolt of her door in its clumsy fastening and retired to her bed.

Polly was young and strong, and slept quite as well on that isolated ranch as she would have done in the very heart of civilization, so rosy old Somnus soon undid the mischief which the Irishman's unlucky blunder had wrought in the chambers of her brain. As she composed herself to rest, the vision of a stalwart horseman rose up before her, a deep voice said, "There are those in Dimple Valley, Miss Polly—" and the little girl-ranchman was off to a dream-land as rich in poetic imagery as that which is supposed to hover about the pillow of a princess.

Thus the night wore away, and the bright morning sun, which finally came streaming in at the little narrow window, put new life into the girl, who once more went light-heartedly about her daily tasks.

When winter came, the local authorities decided that Polly might have the district school to teach, for that glorious American institution existed, under certain restrictions, in a small pine shanty about five miles from the girl's land. It was a long, hard winter for Polly, but her scanty earnings furnished the necessary means with which to make the requisite improvements on her claim, and she would have considered herself the most slothful of beings had she neglected any opportunity to increase her slender funds.

"There's going to be a dance at Aunt Mercy Maybrick's to-night, Miss Polly, and she and Uncle Jonas sent me to ask you to come over. If it's agreeable, I'll call for you. I thought that might be pleasanter for you than riding across the prairie alone."

John Graham blushed to the roots of his hair as he delivered this characteristic invitation. He was sitting on his pony again before her cabin door. It was a bright, clear winter morning, and moreover it was Christmas; none of your murky, muggy Christmases, but a genuine, ideal, old-fashioned winter holiday. A family of brown snow-birds which had built its nest under the roof of Polly Grayson's cabin twittered a welcome to her guest, but I am afraid it was lost on John Graham, for there in the doorway stood Polly herself—pretty Polly, the school-children called her—in her red hood, which harmonized so well with the vivid bloom of her cheeks and the deep gray of her eyes. The rude grayish frame of the door made an effective setting for the picture, which, with its warm dash of color and its sweet young face, appealed more strongly to John Graham than ever one of Lely's portraits would have done, even if the young man's lot had been cast under different skies.

Now Polly loved to dance, and the little brown sparrows, who perhaps were in the secret, instantly set up such a laughing and chattering that Graham could scarcely hear the sound of his own voice when he wished her a merry Christmas and rode away.

Then she went into the house and began to dance with all her heart in her eyes, dragging a chair around with her for a partner. No city belle ever anticipated the prospect of a grand ball with half so much pleasure as Polly did that country dance in Jonas Maybrick's cabin. The very sight of her as she set cheerfully about darning the holes in her much-worn best merino gown that afternoon would have been a conclusive argument against pessimism.

At precisely six o'clock John Graham's sleigh was at the door, and Polly, festively attired in the old crimson cashmere, with a bit of lace at her throat, stood ready and waiting. There were little ripples in her brown hair, which she had always considered very undignified, and vainly strove on this occasion to repress; very coquettish ripples they were too; and I think if Polly could have known how John Graham admired them as she stood tying her hood on in the fire-light, she would not have made such savage attacks on them in future as had long been her wont; but whatever Graham's thoughts were, it was the habit of a lifetime with him not to express them. He did not depart from his usual rule that Christmas night when he drove with Polly Grayson to Aunt Mercy Maybrick's dance, and the responsive girl at his side, who was bubbling over with good spirits, was rather awed by his reserve than otherwise.

"Good-evening, Miss Polly! Good-evening, Mr. Graham!" cried a cheery voice, as the brisk pony drew up at last before Aunt Mercy's door. "I hope you haven't suffered from the effects of the cold? Ah! I beg pardon! let me help you, Miss Grayson;" for the smart Mexican pony, slightly startled by the clear, unknown voice, had plunged a little, and so managed to monopolize all his master's attention by obliging that gentleman to stand very close at his head. Then a tall, handsome figure, in fashionably cut black clothes, came forward and lifted Polly out of the sleigh in a manner that was almost Chesterfieldian in Dimple Valley. Charles Mayne, or Charlie, as he was known to the settlers throughout the surrounding country, was the registrar of the land-office. He lived in a small town, and had an air which distinguished him in a marked fashion from the ranchmen—a fact which did not prevent him from being extremely popular among them. He accompanied Polly into the cabin while Graham led the refractory pony to the barn, assisted her to lay off her wraps, and then went amiably to help Aunt Mercy prepare the liquid refreshment, which, as the night was so cold, was no less than a great bowl of steaming hot punch.

The scene which the interior of the cabin presented was unique in the extreme. Aunt Mercy's establishment, like those of her neighbors, boasted of only one room. This contained the usual clumsy household appliances, with the addition of several guns and a lot of fishing-tackle slung up against the rafters. The house was lighted with a single lamp and a score or so of tallow candles stuck in bottles, and placed wherever a convenient ledge presented itself. Branches of evergreen had been brought down from the mountains and hung about in profusion. A row of narrow benches, used as seats, extended around the entire room, and in one corner sat the host, scraping his ancient fiddle until it shrieked in agony.

Jonas Maybrick was a tall, rawboned old man, who looked as if he might have been first designed in charcoal, and then gradually worked out in human flesh. He had an odd, melancholy way of plying his bow, which gave that eccentric performance the appearance of being the most serious proceeding of his life.

Aunt Mercy received the guests in a gown of red and black "barred" calico, with green ribbons fluttering at her belt and in her crinkly hair.

I am sure nobody will be surprised to learn that Polly Grayson was the belle of the ball. She danced until her cheeks were as red as her dress, and then she danced again until they were redder, and, finally, Charlie Mayne, who was, of course, the best dancer of all the men, and had danced with her times without number—John Graham being too diffident to try his luck in any but the most commonplace figures—brought her shawl, and took her out into the frosty moonlight for a bit of air. The mountains which towered behind Uncle Jonas's cabin made a grand and imposing background to the clear white night. The tall evergreens on their sides formed a dark, romantic forest, in whose depths the warm imagination might picture a host of brownies at their Christmas revels. There was inspiration in the air, and the girl felt it in her every fibre.

"Oh, Mr. Mayne," she said, "I am so happy! I feel to-night as if I never could grow old."

"There are others who would like to be happy too, Miss Grayson," he said, significantly. "I, for instance; and that can only happen, you know, if Miss Polly Grayson will consent to be my wife."

The girl shrank in terror. There was that about Charlie Mayne which did not recommend him as a lover, no matter how agreeable his attentions might prove as a partner in the dance. The sweet peaceful scene seemed suddenly to have changed. "Impossible," she replied, coldly. And then, as courteously as she could: "Let us go into the house, Mr. Mayne. I think it is getting time to be going home."

Even then he would have detained her, but she turned and fled.

"Waal, Polly, be ye ready to face the music? Faith, my gurl, it's not you whose lookin' chicken-hearted this foine spring mornin', an' I'll bet my best pair o' Sunday galluses that this part o' Dimple Valley 'll be yer own property afore night."

Here the Irishman drowned his own eloquence in a deep draught of water from Polly's well, while Aunt Mercy Maybrick and John Graham, who sat in his smart wagon in front of the cabin, smiled at his good-

natured drolleries. Polly Grayson, who was locking the cabin door and pulling on a pair of little threadbare gray cotton gloves at the same time, laughed too, and made some gay response. She was as pretty as a picture, in a little pink print gown, with a big rough straw hat on her head and a bunch of daisies at her belt, for spring had come again, and all the voices of nature were waking up once more to greet her. The prairie was dotted with wild flowers of many hues, and Polly was never happier than when they tucked her in at Aunt Mercy's side in Martin Dunn's big wagon, and set off in the sweet coolness of the morning for Irwinton, where she was to make final proof on her claim, having been unavoidably delayed several months on account of the late heavy snows, which had made travel impossible in the valley.

The Irishman, who, like the merciful man of Scripture, believed in being merciful to his beast, drove at such a leisurely pace that it was considerably past noon when the party arrived at Irwinton, and made its way immediately to the land-office. As they approached that august establishment, Dunn, who always took the lead, opened the door, and Polly, following closely behind him, felt her heart throb painfully as she realized how much she had at stake, and remembered how embarrassing had been her last meeting with the registrar. Her cheeks flamed scarlet and her eyes brightened with excitement as she entered the dingy little office in which Charles Mayne had been placed by the government in the interests of right and justice. Mayne was as handsome as ever, and quite as genial.

"So you've come to make final proof, have you, Miss Polly?" he said, as he shook hands cordially all around. "Well, there should be no trouble about that. Your case is plain enough, I guess. I know you've done what no other woman ever did in Dimple Valley. But you'll have to wait on me for a month. I'm so piled up with work I can't possibly do anything for you before that time."

Then the affable registrar invited the party out to dinner, keeping up such a rattling fire of friendly talk all the time that the girl quite forgot her tremor, and really enjoyed Mayne's hospitality, which had a thread of brightness running through it that must have recommended him to anybody with whom he came in contact.

But when the big wagon rolled away, the young man's smiles changed to frowns. A scowl came over his handsome, regular features as a dark cloud sometimes obscures the sun. "D—n Miss Impertinence!" he muttered. "I'll teach her to fling over a gentleman for a brute of a ranchman like John Graham. I'll teach her a lesson that will last her a lifetime."

A month later Polly Grayson, coming in flushed and tired from a long day's jaunt among the berry bushes, gave a low exclamation of pleased surprise as she beheld a letter lying on the table addressed to her in Charles Mayne's bold, handsome handwriting. The carrier, who brought the mail twice a week from Irwinton, upon finding her out had raised the window and dropped the letter on the table, as was his wont. Polly's dress was torn from the sharp contact it had had all day with the thorny berry bushes. Her hands were stained, and her hair had escaped from its fastenings and fallen over her shoulders in tangled, curly masses. Old Rawbones stood before the door eagerly crunching a measure of oats. Girl and horse alike were spent with exercise and fasting, but Polly forgot her weariness and hunger when she saw that letter. Eagerly she tore the seal, and read as only one can read where something of vital interest is concerned; but her brain had not absorbed the contents of the first four lines when her brown face turned ashy white, and her hands trembled as if she had been in a palsy. The letter was simply a cold, curt note from Mayne, who unconditionally rejected her proof, alleging as the cause of his action the flimsy reasons that Polly had not ploughed her own land, and that her cabin had been built partly of material that had been used before. The epistle was apparently studied in its coldness, and could not have been more cruel if it had contained dynamite.

The girl staggered to the open door, and sat down on the rude threshold, holding her head in her hands. She did not weep; on the contrary, a sort of silent anguish seemed turning her to stone. The horse, who by this time had finished his homely repast, turned his large, luminous, yellow eyes toward her, and stooping, as he often did—for they were very good friends, this solitary pair—gently touched her soft brown cheek with his own, but for the first time there was no response. It is doubtful even if the girl saw him, so intent was she on her misery.

She sat thus for some time until the shadows thrown by the roof began to grow long, indicating the approach of night, when she rose hastily, bathed her face and hands, pinned up her hair, and changed her torn gown for one that was fresh and clean. Then she clapped the saddle on the horse's back, sprang into it, and turning about in her seat looked back at the little lonely house, which she seemed to be leaving forever.

As she rode away across the broad prairie, she turned many times in her saddle to catch a last glimpse of the solitary cabin which had been her only shelter from biting storms and scorching suns for many months. Once she stopped her horse, and, turning, saw its rude sides bathed in the deep crimson light of the sunset. The proudest of earth's castles, with gleaming towers and glistening spires kissed by the departing god of day could not have impressed her more keenly at that moment. A wan smile lighted her face as she rode along, thinking drearily of the bitter sacrifice which she had made for naught.

The arch of the sky was as blue as the sun could make it, and there was a delicious odor of mountain pine and berry in the air the next morning, as John Graham left his pony at the toll-gate and walked onward to the cabin. Aunt Mercy greeted him with heavy eyes. For the first time since he had known her, the young man observed that the poor woman's house-keeping was at sixes and sevens.

The truth was that Aunt Mercy had had no sleep the night before, and consequently had not been able to go through the usual routine of "cleaning up" in the morning. Graham had come to see Uncle Jonas on some small matter of business, and was not in the least prepared for the sad news which Aunt Mercy soon poured into his ears regarding the rejection of Polly Grayson's proof by the registrar. The girl had come there the night before, she told him, looking like a ghost, and having but little to say, after she had told her kind friends at the toll-gate of the contents of Mayne's letter.

"If she'd only cry an' carry on like any other gal, I wouldn't be so worritted about her," Aunt Mercy said; "but she jest sets still, an' holds her hands. Oh, John, it's dreadful! Jest to think o' what the poor child's been through, livin' thar alone winter and summer, 'thout no money to use, 'ceptin' what she earned teachin' that mizable school. An' then to think she's got to go back East to her sick ma an' that ole curmudgeon of a uncle! It goes agin me awful, John." And here Aunt Mercy broke down completely.

"Jonas he tried his best to git her to live on her claim another six month, an' try it agin," she continued, presently; "but she won't listen to that nohow. She says she can see now that Charlie Mayne's her enemy, an' it would be jest the same thing over agin. Hadn't ploughed her own land! Whoever'd expect a gal like that to plough? Jonas he went over an' ploughed it fur her. Polly was nailin' the shingles on the roof that day, an' bankin' up about the cabin. She 'lowed fur to do the ploughin' too—she done everythin' else, ye know—but Jonas he 'lowed them plough handles was too heavy fur her. Oh dear! it jest breaks my heart."

Up to this time Aunt Mercy had been too much occupied with her story to observe Graham's evident agitation. When she paused to take breath again she saw that his face was full of righteous wrath, and his great hands were clinched.

"What can Mayne have against the girl?" he asked, in such a cold, hard tone that it startled Aunt Mercy as if it had been the voice of a stranger. The old woman stared at the big ranchman's innocence.

"Waal, John Graham," she answered, dryly, "I 'ain't axed Polly what's the matter, but it looks to a man up a tree consid'able like Charlie Mayne he wanted to marry her, an' she wouldn't have him."

Then hope seemed to kindle in that strong, dark face. "Where is Polly this morning?" Graham asked, abruptly.

"Gone up in the mountings. She hadn't slep' none, and thought as how mebbe the fresh air 'ud do her good; so Jonas he saddled her horse fur her, an' she rode up. I take it she rode as fur up as she could. She says the purtiest flowers alwus grows nighest the top."

It did not take John Graham long to spring into his saddle, pay Aunt Mercy the pittance imposed as toll, and urge his fleet-footed pony up the side of the mountain. There, on a large flat rock under the shadow of a clump of trees, he found Polly Grayson, sitting idly with her hands folded in her lap, as Aunt Mercy had said. Her eyes were heavy and sad, and her usually happy face wore an expression of unutterable suffering and disappointment.

Graham dismounted and stood before her. "Polly," he said, simply, "Aunt Mercy has told me what has happened. I know what a disappointment this must be to you. It is the unfairest thing that ever happened in Dimple Valley. But, Polly, I proved my claim nearly two years ago; it will soon be under good cultivation; and—and, Polly, I have always loved you. I have never told you so before, because I am only an ignorant fellow, and I never thought I had any chance with such a lady as you are. But, oh! Polly, never mind your claim. Let it go. I have enough for both. Say that you will be my wife."

The ranchman paused for an answer. He was leaning against a tree under the cool green shadows. There was a soft soughing of the summer wind among the lacy branches of the evergreens. Far below, the silvery water of the cañon rippled tunefully on its way. Birds sang above them, and flowers blossomed at their feet. It was a fitting spot for a wooing. All the sweet influences of earth and air seemed in perfect harmony with the tender sentiment of love.

Just how it came about, the reversal of that decision in the matter of Polly Grayson's land, which she received by mail within ten days after the original document had been placed on her table by the Irwinton carrier, was never exactly known to the inhabitants of Dimple Valley, but it was popularly supposed that John Graham, the big ranchman, who went over to the land-office in less than a week after that infamous paper had made its appearance, literally thrashed the young registrar into changing his mind; but however all that may have been, Polly received the second document with a glad cry of rejoicing, which, to use Aunt Mercy's expression, "jest turned her right inter the same gal agin, for all the world like them fairy stories ye read about."

John and Polly were married that fall. Uncle Jonas and Aunt Mercy tendered their cabin for the celebration of that joyous event, and Martin Dunn and the whole Maynard family danced at the wedding. In fact, Aunt Mercy herself threw away her crutches long enough to take a few turns about the room, supported by the iron grasp of her tall Rembrandt-faced "old man," who, in honor of so great an occasion, had for once delegated the important function of fiddling to another, that he might join in the general merriment.

Mr. and Mrs. John Graham are among the most prosperous settlers of Dimple Valley. It was finally decided to build the new house—which, by-the-way, is one of the finest ranch buildings in that part of the West—on Polly's land, where it stands to this day a fitting monument to the energy and enterprise of a brave young girl.

TO CALIFORNIA BY THE OVERLAND TRAIN.

As the Union Pacific overland express train leaves Omaha it passes an emigrant party encamped near the track. The white-topped wagons, with horses feeding at their ends; the household goods strewed about on the ground, and tumbling among them, the children and dogs at play; the women, in sun-bonnets and calico dresses, cooking supper over fires of dry sticks in the open air—present quaintly a type of the days long ago when the "prairie schooner" was the only craft that navigated the trackless sea of the plains. Since those days the overland stage has come and gone, and the railway, which has covered the old trails with its road-bed and iron rails, leaves the settler almost at the very boundary of the government section which he intends to homestead and improve.

The impressions of eastern Nebraska derived during the earlier hours of the night ride are of a succession of shadowy towns twinkling with lights; farm-houses, with orchards and outbuildings; on the right rolling hills, and on the left the line of cottonwoods and willows that fringe the Platte.

The next morning presents a different scene: a rolling, treeless prairie, on which, instead of farm-houses and corn fields, are to be seen sheep and cattle ranches wide apart, and now and then a conspicuous figure in the bare landscape—a lone shepherd or galloping cow-boy. The way stations, most of which the train passes at full speed, invariably contain, besides the railway station building, a wooden structure with a pretentious square false front, glaringly white, which seems to have been erected solely for the purpose of giving full force and effect to the words "Land-office," painted across the front in the largest possible letters. In proportion to the importance of the place are the incidental features of general merchandise stores, saloons, and dwelling-houses.

To the inexperienced traveller the prairie over which he is passing seems in its general contour to be level, and the train runs so smoothly that he does not perceive that the grades are steadily ascending. It is with astonishment that he realizes on his arrival early in the afternoon at Cheyenne that he is over 6000 feet above the sea, and nearly a mile higher than Omaha. But the effects of the altitude are apparent in various ways. One breathes more quickly than at a lower level, and if, being unaccustomed to the elevation, he undertakes any active exertion, he finds himself unexpectedly out of breath. The brightness and transparency of the rarefied air is the cause of much deception to persons new in the country when they attempt to estimate the distances of remote objects, and the eye unconsciously is strained in the effort to identify details which are minute in the far perspective. Such visitors learn with surprise that a peak which to them seems to be only five or six miles distant may in reality be fifty or sixty miles away.

A pleasant feature of the overland ride by train is the social unbending of the passengers after a few hours' riding. The effect of the vast surrounding solitudes, and the influence of the free-and-easy fashions of the Western people, is to make the travellers companionable. Stiffness vanishes; and any person may safely open a conversation with another without the ceremony of an introduction. Questions are freely asked and willingly answered, information referring to objects of interest on the route is volunteered, and jokes and stories are interchanged among people who have never met until the journey was begun. If some "old-timer" is on the train—one of those pioneers who, as the Western saying is, was on the plains "when the rivers were runlets and the mountains were little hills"—his accounts of frontier adventures are sought for and eagerly listened to by his fellow-travellers. If several plainsmen happen to fall together, they are apt, for their own amusement, to invent some astounding stories for the edification of the "tenderfoot," as the traveller who is making his first journey over the plains is called.

Through the mountains which present a wonderful panorama of cloud-capped peaks, beetling, strangely tinted crags, and lovely parks, the train winds for a night and a day. At Sherman, with an altitude of 8247 feet, the summit of the Rocky Mountains is passed. As the train draws away from the station there is seen from the car windows the huge, grotesque Hippopotamus Rock, and near it, opposite the highest point of the railway, the pyramidal stone monument erected to Oakes Ames, who was so prominently identified with the Union Pacific road in its beginning. At Echo Cañon, above the walls of which are the ruins of old Mormon fortifications, the first view of Utah is obtained, but the Latter Day Saints are not by any visible difference to be distinguished from the other people seen on the cars and at the way-side stations. A few hours later, at Monument, the Great American Desert opens ahead. It is a dreary prospect. The hot, dry breeze has an alkaline odor, and is laden with impalpable dust. Sage-brush, grease-wood, cactus, and sand-grass are the prevailing vegetation. The jack-rabbit, prairie-dog, and coyote find in some way a living on the barren waste, and are occasionally seen from the train. The ground is white with alkali, and the few pools are intensely salt. The desert lies in the wide depression between the Rocky and the Sierra Nevada ranges, which shut off the sea, clouds, and breezes on either hand. Into this basin the Nevada rivers flow from the mountains, and becoming smaller as they proceed, are swallowed up in the desert sands.

In Utah and eastern Nevada the Shoshone Indians are seen at the station platforms, and their encampments—squalid wigwams made of poles, brush, and bits of old canvas or army blankets—are often in view. In western Nevada the Washoes and Piutes are encountered. All of these tribes have much the same characteristics. They are nomads, living in little communities without much semblance of tribal organization, and they wander wherever they can best find roots, berries, and coniferous nuts; this fare they help out with locusts, larvæ, and reptiles. They are voracious eaters, fond of whiskey and tobacco, and are inveterate gamblers. In order to secure the means to indulge these tastes they at times consent to work, and often engage as laborers with the white ranchmen.

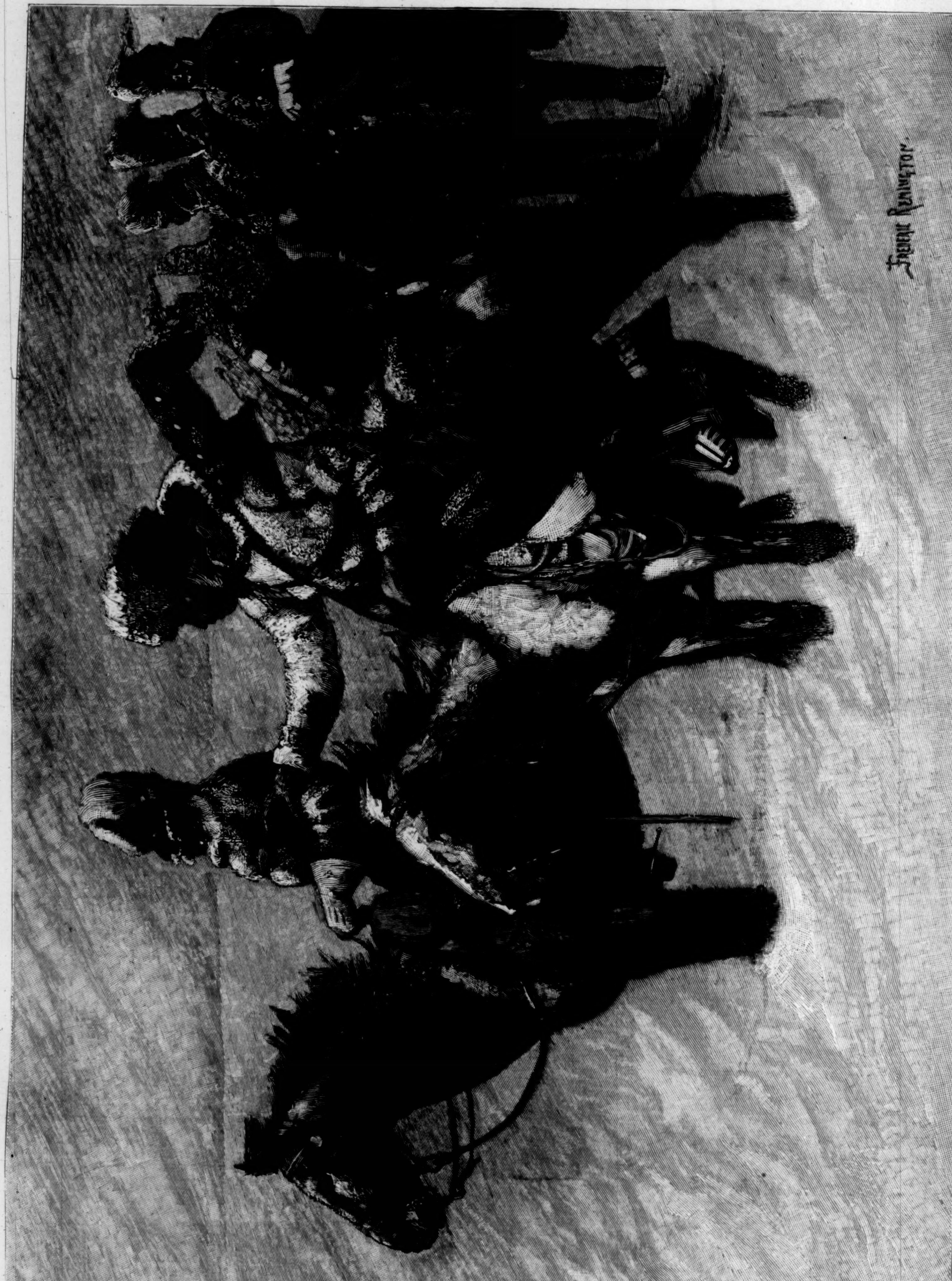
Arrayed in the cast-off garments of the white people, or the cheap "ready-made" clothes of the shops, the appearance of the Nevada Indian suggests the Italian garbage gatherers of the Eastern cities, rather than the picturesque brigand who, armed with bows and lances, swept the plains a quarter of a century ago.

The Indian women, clad in soiled calico gowns, bareheaded, or wearing felt hats, and sometimes with a gay handkerchief tied about their coarse braided hair, like the Southern aunties, often with a baby hanging from the flat pappoose basket at their backs, come to the platforms of the cars to sell trinkets, beaded moccasins, and purses, baskets woven from willows and soap-weed, necklaces of acorns and quartz crystals and agates.

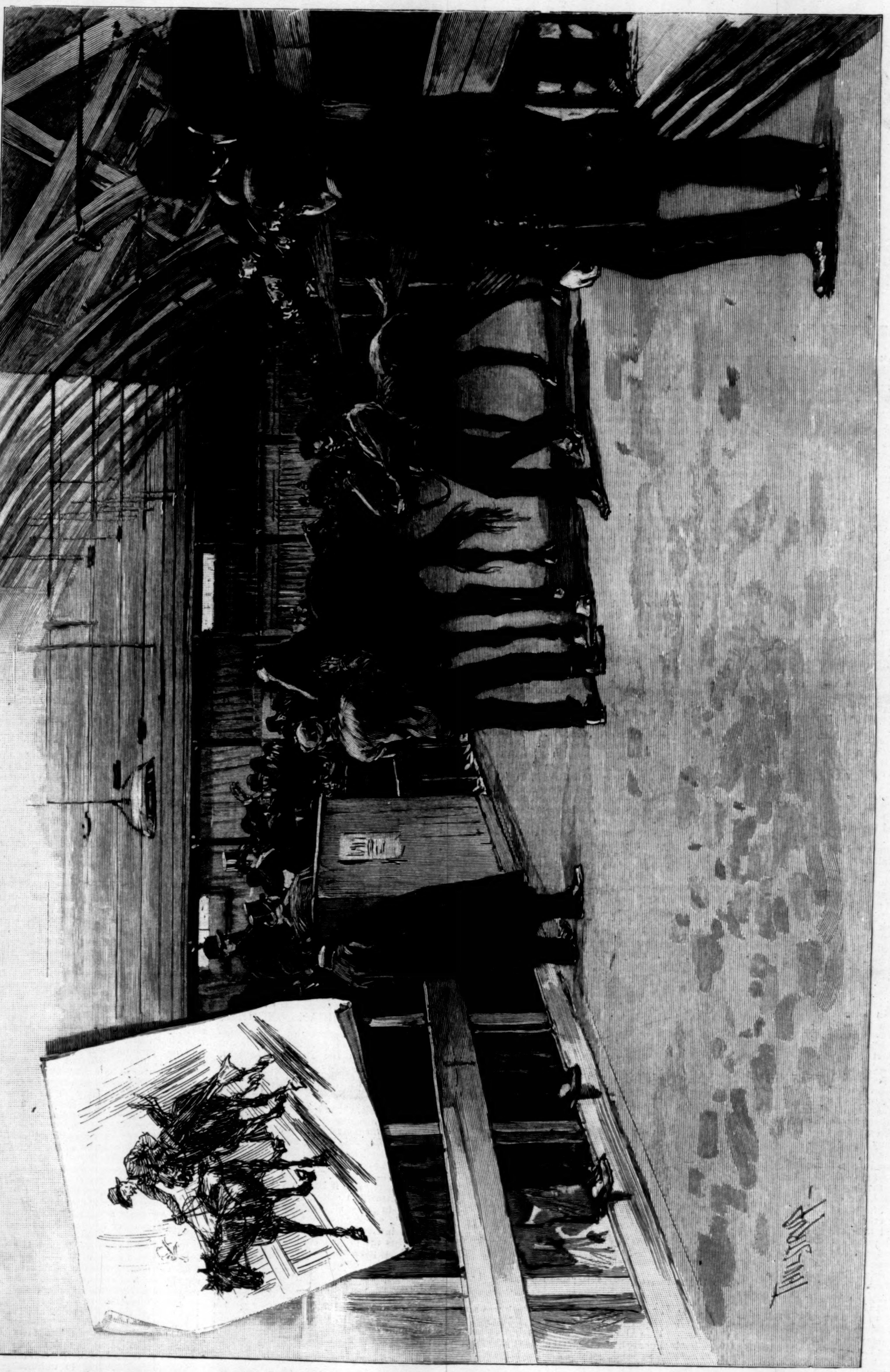
The narrow valleys of the Nevada streams, when irrigated and properly cultivated, are very productive; but it does not seem in passing that even these scanty available lands are utilized. Since the days of the splendid prosperity of the mines on the Comstock lode, the State has slowly been receding in wealth and population. Here, before the straggling building which is the hotel, post-office, and principal gambling saloon of one of these sleepy towns is a sight that recalls the time of Ben Holliday and his famous overland stage line. These lines, connecting the towns on the railroad lines with those of the interior, are still numerous throughout the far West, but as their principal reliance for remunerative support is on the carrying of the United States mail, a buck-board often takes the place of the covered coach. The men who handle the reins on these star route lines are usually old overland drivers, who, when in the mood, beguile the time of the passenger with many a stirring reminiscence of the days of the transcontinental stage lines. But these veteran drivers have a hard and often unsuccessful struggle in the endeavor to keep up the lordly dignity and air of supreme importance which was their prerogative when they were potentates on the plains. They feel that the palmy days of staging are over. With the coming of the railroad they have seen the buffalo swept from the plain, and the Indian subdued and confined upon reservations, and they feel that these changes are typical of their own fate. They sadly realize that their glories are of a past epoch, and that the brightly uniformed railroad conductor of the whizzing train has irrevocably supplanted them.

The railroad ride from Nevada to San Francisco is one of the pleasantest parts of the overland trip. The mountain air and grand scenery of the Sierra Nevadas are succeeded by the pleasant pastoral and farming landscape of the slope that leads down to the coast, and the last stage of the journey is a boat ride of six miles across an arm of the sea from Oakland to San Francisco.

CLARENCE PULLEN.



CANADIAN MOUNTED POLICE ON A WINTER EXPEDITION.—Drawn by Frederic Remington.—[See Page 219.]



AT THE SALE OF CALIFORNIA TROTTERS, AMERICAN INSTITUTE BUILDING.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 226.]

ALCAZAR.—Record, 2.20½; Sold for $25,800.

SALES OF HIGH-BRED TROTTING HORSES.

An important feature in connection with the advances that have been made in the breeding and development of the American trotting horse is the commerce that has grown out of what was once chiefly a pastime confined to the few who could afford its indulgence. Before racing in harness had become a popular sport, horses that possessed the ability to go fast at the trotting gait were an expensive luxury, their owners made no effort to derive any financial benefit from them, and though occasionally matches were made for a considerable sum, the glory of winning was by far the higher consideration in the contest. The latter half of this century has seen the rise of a new industry in connection with the generation and education of this peculiar type of the equine race, until it has come to form no inconsiderable part of our commercial economy, and represents an investment of a hundred millions of dollars, not only in the animals themselves, but in stock farms, driving parks and tracks, together with the various equipments and appurtenances necessary to the proper prosecution of the business.

Formerly the barter and sale of trotting bred stock was conducted privately, and was chiefly confined to horses that had been trained, and had accomplished something of note on the race-track. In most instances such transactions were done secretly, often through an agent, for a certain amount of odium was supposed to attach to any one who showed a fondness for a public trotter, and men in active business were averse to letting such a weakness become known. To Robert Bonner is due the credit of breaking down the first barriers of this unfounded prejudice, for when he decided that driving behind a fast roadster was a healthful recreation, he made his selections openly, and showed his contemporaries in trade that a man could own a good horse and be a respectable citizen as well. For several years prior to 1867 Mr. Bonner was well known in New York and vicinity as a liberal patron of fleet-stepping harness horses; but it was in that year he made a wider reputation by the purchase of the brown gelding Dexter for some $36,000, just after he made himself the champion of the turf by trotting a mile in 2.17¼ on the track at Buffalo. Since then Mr. Bonner's loyalty to his favorite animal has never wavered, and he has owned every trotter that has held the fastest record up to the present, with the exception of Goldsmith Maid and St. Julien, paying in each case a small fortune for such famous performers as Rarus, Pocahontas, and Maud S.; while Sunol, his latest important purchase, cost him the largest sum he ever gave for a horse. His example has been followed by many other millionaires, the maximum figure being the $105,000 paid for the phenomenal colt Axtell, after he had trotted in 2.12 as a three-year-old, and thus eclipsed all records previously made by stallions.

Private transfers of valuable horses, while they represent a large amount of money, are now superseded in a great measure by public sales, which are the natural outgrowth of the desire to find a ready market for the thousands of colts that are bred in this country every year. Trotters and pacers that have won races and obtained fast records sell even more readily than they did twenty years ago, but breeders find that their young stock, especially if untried, can be disposed of to better advantage when placed in public competition, and advertised in the same way as other marketable commodities. These auction sales of fashionable trotting stock are held in various parts of the republic, principally during the winter months, when the attention of prospective buyers is not diverted by speed contests as it would be in the racing season.

In Kentucky, where there are probably more stock farms than in any other State, these sales are generally held during the first and last months of the year, Lexington being the central point for such events. It was here that the California-bred colt Bell Boy was sold for $51,000, the highest price ever paid for a trotting horse at auction. These sales are conducted by men who make it their special business to collect choice animals, and place their merits of breeding and appearance in the most attractive and readable form, by means of elaborate catalogues and through the medium of the turf journals.

New York city also possesses peculiar advantages for the disposal of the products of the great breeding farms, so much so that it has been profitable to bring stock from far-off California and sell to the bidders that come to the metropolis. There have been large public sales of thorough-breds in New York, but for the past four years the trotters have realized prices far beyond what the best running bred horses have ever reached, and every winter sees the average increase. The firm of P. C. Kellogg & Co., established about twelve years ago, have managed the majority of these large sales, and their success in this venture has come to be quite remarkable. At first the consignments sent to them came from Eastern farms, including such famous establishments as Stony Ford, in this State, and Highlawn Farm, in Massachusetts. Kellogg & Co. originated the plan of inducing breeders to unite in placing their stock in the auction market at what are now familiarly known as "Combination Sales"; and these have become annual fixtures, attended by horsemen from all parts of the land. Of the colts disposed of in this way, the one that afterward achieved the greatest fame on the race-track is the black gelding Guy, who was bought for a small sum, and taken to Cleveland, where he afterward became the property of W. J. Gordon, for a price well up in the thousands. At one time Guy showed speed that promised to place him at the head of the trotting records; his mile in 2.10¾, made at Cleveland last year, is within two seconds of the best mile made by Maud S.; and as he is still comparatively young, it is possible he may yet reduce his present record. Of the developed horses sold by Kellogg & Co., the stallion Smuggler, whose record of 2.15¼ stood as the best among trotting sires for some time, is the most noted, though he had fallen into obscurity when placed under the hammer in 1886, and was secured by his present owner for less than one thousand dollars.

GOLD LEAF.—Pacing Record, 2.11¼; Sold for $8,000.

It was just four years ago that the first lot of California-bred trotting stock was sent to New York by Senator Leland Stanford from Palo Alto Farm. They numbered about one hundred, and the total amount paid for them was $86,000, which was the highest average for the produce of one farm up to that time. Last year another consignment was sent across the continent from the same establishment, and several other California breeders followed Mr. Stanford's example. This year the overture has been repeated during the present month, and the results so far have exceeded anything ever known at a public sale of horses. During the fifth and sixth days of March the entire stud of the Rosemeade Farm at Los Angeles was disposed of, when eighty-seven animals, most of them quite young, fetched $235,995 in all, an average of a little more than $2700 each—by far the largest rate ever paid for any kind of horse-flesh where as many were offered in one lot. The top price was $25,800, paid for the stallion Alcazar, whose record of 2.20½ is not particularly fast in this era of sensational speed, the principal reason that he is deemed so valuable being that his dam, Minnehaha, is the greatest of living broodmares, having produced fine foals that afterward obtained records below 2.30, while one of them, Beautiful Bells, is the dam of four fast animals, two of them with records below 2.20 at three years, including the noted Bell Boy, lately destroyed by fire in Kentucky. Alcazar's sire, Sultan, also got the fast horse Stamboul, who trotted in 2.12¼ last fall, and is thought equal to greater feats this year. Voodoo, a two-year-old colt by Stamboul, out of Eva, a daughter of Minnehaha, was sold the same day with Alcazar, the bidding on him going to $24,100, just $1900 less than was paid for Mascot, another colt bred at Rosemeade, and sold in New York last spring for the longest price realized by a two-year-old, and the highest ever paid for a trotter at auction in New York. Following the closing out of the Rosemeade stud were two consignments from other California farms, when the figures dropped a little, but were still quite large. Those from Pleasanton Stock Farm, where the stallion Director, record 2.17, is kept, brought on an average nearly $2100, one of them, the pacing mare Gold Leaf, leading the list at $8000. Gold Leaf has a record of 2.11¼, made during 1889 in her four-year-old form, reducing that of 2.15, made at three years. Alcazar is destined for a large farm in Wisconsin owned by Uhlein Brothers; Voodoo goes to the Babcock farm at Hornellsville, New York; and Gold Leaf is now owned by J. H. Shults, a Brooklyn millionaire, who has an extensive breeding establishment at Parkville, Long Island.

A scene at one of these large sales in the metropolis, most of which are held in the American Institute Building, on Third Avenue near Sixty-fourth Street, shows an assemblage of the principal breeders, owners, trainers, and patrons of the trotting horse from all sections of the country. During the bidding on each animal it is exhibited in a ring about an eighth of a mile in circumference, constructed outside of the enclosure for spectators, and covered with loose dirt. If the horse is well broken to harness, a two-wheeled road cart is often used, and quite a high rate of speed can be safely attempted by a competent driver. More frequently, however, an attendant, mounted on a well-trained mustang, drives the trotter alongside with a pair of reins, when the gait and speed are better seen than by any other method. Frequently, when the bidding lags, the groom is ordered to start off again with the animal in competition, and a quick dash about the ring often results in a considerable addition to the sum offered before the exhibition.

There are several other important sales at the American Institute Building this month under the management of Kellogg & Co., including stock from Stony Ford Farm, in this State; Bates Farm, near Boston; consignments from A. B. Darling, of New York, and other large breeders; while Senator Stanford sends over one hundred animals from his famous nursery at Palo Alto. Many of the last-named are the get of Electioneer, the most successful sire of trotters now living, so that the California offerings will probably continue to rule the market as heretofore.

Charles Arnold McCully.

THE PAN-AMERICAN CONGRESS.

The historical precursor of the International Conference of American republics at Washington was the Panama Congress, which assembled June 22, 1826. Called at the suggestion of Bolivar in 1822, it was looked forward to with the greatest enthusiasm; yet it really accomplished nothing. Only Colombia, Central America, Peru, and Mexico were represented in it; Chili being at the time in the midst of a civil war, the Argentine Republic having refused co-operation, and the delegate from the United States not arriving until the congress had adjourned to meet in Mexico.

For many years it has been the desire of several American statesmen — notably Mr. Blaine—to gather all the states of this hemisphere in another congress for discussion of matters interesting all alike. At least for ten years has the project been actively urged. Mr. Blaine gave much attention to it when Secretary of State in 1881. The South American Commission of 1884–5 were instructed by Secretary Frelinghuysen to get the judgment of the countries they were to visit on the advisability of calling such a congress. Finally, the so-called McCreary bill, approved May 24, 1888, empowered and authorized the President to call the conference some time in the year 1889. Every one knows how President Cleveland, after the election of 1888, determined to leave the whole matter to his successor, and how under the present administration the congress began, and have now about completed its labors.

It cannot be denied that the undertaking was attended with inevitable difficulties. The lack of a common language, differences in parliamentary and legislative practice, and some old jealousies and suspicions of an international character, made the beginnings of the congress slow and hesitating. Yet time has obviated all these hinderances to the success of the gathering in a great degree; and, on the other hand, the power of republican affinities, and the better understanding gained in the course of discussion, have brought the various delegations into a state of general harmony and amicable agreement to disagree in those cases where they must. Naturally the main work has been done in committee, each of the topics mentioned in the call being assigned to a separate committee to prepare a report. These reports have nearly all been presented and approved, and there is every indication that the congress will be able to adjourn not far from April 1st.

Section 2 of the bill authorizing the President to invite the several governments to the conference set forth the subjects to be considered. That section has been the programme followed in the deliberations of the congress. It reads as follows:

"Section 2. That in forwarding the invitations to the said governments the President of the United States shall set forth that the conference is called to consider,

"1st. Measures that shall tend to preserve the peace and promote the prosperity of the several American states.

"2d. Measures toward the formation of an American customs union, under which the trade of the American nations with each other shall, so far as possible and profitable, be promoted.

"3d. The establishment of regular and frequent communication between the ports of the several American states and the ports of each other.

"4th. The establishment of a uniform system of customs regulations in each of the independent American states to govern the mode of importation and exportation of merchandise and port dues and charges, a uniform method of determining the classification and valuation of such merchandise in the ports of each country, and a uniform system of invoices, and the subject of the sanitation of ships and quarantine.

"5th. The adoption of a uniform system of weights and measures, and laws to protect the patent-rights, copyrights, and trade-marks of citizens of either country in the other, and for the extradition of criminals.

"6th. The adoption of a common silver coin, to be issued by each government, the same to be legal tender in all commercial transactions between the citizens of all of the American states.

"7th. An agreement upon and recommendation for adoption to their respective governments of a definite plan of arbitration of all questions, disputes, and differences that may now or hereafter exist between them, to the end that all difficulties and disputes between such nations may be peaceably settled and wars prevented.

"8th. And to consider such other subjects relating to the welfare of the several states represented as may be presented by any of said states which are hereby invited to participate in said conference."

Taking up the reports of the committees, in the order of the topics thus mentioned, it appears that the proposal for a customs union has amounted to nothing, there seeming to be no way of overcoming the immense difficulties of any such scheme. It is recommended instead that separate reciprocity treaties be negotiated as feasible. The subject of communication by water has received most careful consideration. In general, it is recommended that steam-ship lines be subsidized by the several countries interested, in proportion to population. Yet as the congress has no positive legislative powers, and can only refer its recommendations to the several legislatures of the different countries, it is clear that it will be long before subsidies are paid under any such plan. The scheme is also complicated with questions about the flag to be carried by such jointly subsidized steamers, and about ownership, registration, and liability to be seized as cruisers in case of war. Not without much subsequent diplomatic negotiation can it be put into effective operation.

The plan for an international railroad, uniting all the countries of the hemisphere has been endorsed so far as to provide for a corps of engineers to make the necessary preliminary surveys for routes and estimate of cost. It will, of course, be long before anything more can be done. As one of the South American delegates has expressed it, "This is an affair for our children, not for us."

No committee has had a more important subject under discussion than the one charged with the consideration of a report on the simplification of customs regulations. It is recommended that the consular certification of a ship's manifest be no longer required, that a list of the proper terms to be used in invoicing goods be officially published, and that the participation of customs officials in fines and penalties which they may be called upon to fix be abolished. Several other recommendations looking to uniformity and

simplicity make this report one of great practical value.

As to uniform weights and measures, the metric system has been recommended in all international transactions. In the important matters of international copyright and laws to protect trade-marks, the foregoing work of the Montevideo Congress of 1888–9 is suggested as a broad and feasible basis for further agreement. The treaties recommended by that body are fully reciprocal and satisfactory. On the general principles of extradition all are agreed, and the only question remaining is as to precise definition of extraditable offences.

The proposed common silver coinage has proved to be a question of great delicacy and difficulty. Little can be done in all probability beyond the recommendation of a common unit of coinage, which will make the various currencies interchangeable. This leaves out the matters of a specific international silver coin and of mutual governmental guarantees of weight and fineness. If the establishment of banks is realized, in accordance with the hopes of the committee on banking, it may put a new face on the subject of a common coinage before many years.

No measure before the congress has awakened more interest than the proposal to agree on a plan of arbitration to settle all disputes arising between nations, and so do away with war on this hemisphere. It may safely be said that every nation represented in the conference is in favor of arbitration, has used it in the past, and is ready to resort to it in the future. Yet there has been some difficulty in agreeing upon the terms of a measure to make arbitration universal and obligatory, without compromising the sovereign rights of the republics entering into the compact. But there is every likelihood that a substantial agreement will be reached, practically securing the benefits desired. It has been generally felt that the most important issue of the congress would be found in its dealing with this question, and that it could present no more impressive sight to the world than a solemn covenant between all the American republics to refer all international differences to a court of arbitration.

In general the congress has not fulfilled the enthusiastic hopes of some, but it has disappointed the ominous fears of others. The direct and immediate effects of its work cannot be very great in the nature of the case. But indirectly and remotely it is sure to have an influence of the highest importance. As a means of leading to international good understanding, of securing an independent and peaceful development for each country of the hemisphere, and of presenting to the world a striking spectacle of the material and moral power of the republican idea in this age, it must be declared to have achieved a good degree of success.

In publishing the portraits of a few of the foreign delegates to the International Congress at Washington, no invidious distinction is intended. Some of the representatives from abroad—Minister Romero, for example—are so well known in this country, both by name and face, that there is no reason for giving information about them. Our selection of names depends partly upon accessibility of biographical material in the cases singled out, and partly upon the fact that, for one cause or another, the delegates in question have assumed considerable prominence in the debates of the Congress. There is no doubt that others of the foreign representatives are as able as the men we name, and have made their influence felt in the congress.

Beginning with a delegate from a country not far distant from us, the Republic of Colombia, in Cárlos Martinez Silva, LL.D., we have a man whose physical distinction alone would call attention to him among the whole body of foreigners. Tall and of massive frame, he towers above most of the other delegates like Saul above the rest of the people. He comes of excellent Colombian stock, as his father, who but recently died, was one of his country's most distinguished men, having been an able lawyer and President of the Supreme Court. The son has also held many posts of public importance and service. He has been a member of the Colombian Congress, has served as Minister of Public Instruction, and was Secretary of the Treasury at the time of his appointment as delegate to the International Conference. As a teacher and author he has likewise attained eminence. He has been President of the College of El Rosario, and has published several volumes. Among the last may be mentioned his *Treatise on Judicial Proofs*, his *Compendium of Ancient History*, and a *Compendium of Geography*. An edition of Bello's *International Law*, recently published in Madrid, contains an appendix of "Notes and Commentaries" from the pen of Dr. Silva. He was the founder, and for some time the editor, of *El Repertorio Colombiano*, a literary and political review of high class. Dr. Silva's abilities and special training fit him admirably for the work of the Pan-American Congress, and his prominence in its proceedings is but natural.

Passing on down the west coast of South America, we find Ecuador sending a distinguished son to Washington in the person of José María Plácido Caamaño. Born in Guayaquil, the principal city and seaport of the country, October 5, 1838, he comes of an excellent family. Trained to the profession of the law, he is a man of wide studies, as may be inferred from the fact that he is also a graduate in theology, having received the degree of Doctor in Theology. He is a large land-owner, and has gradually accumulated a fortune through agriculture. He has been Mayor of Guayaquil, Member of Congress, Chief of the Customs Service, and Judge of Letters. In 1882 General Ventimilla made himself Dictator of Ecuador, and Señor Caamaño was one of his strongest opponents. He was exiled in consequence, going to Peru. There he raised and commanded an insurgent force at his own expense, with which he invaded Ecuador with the intention of deposing the Dictator. Starting with only about five hundred men, a large proportion of whom were his own peons, he went on, step by step, until, after uniting his force with that of other patriot commanders, he captured Guayaquil, where the Dictator had more than five thousand troops. Señor Caamaño was chosen President *ad interim* after the fall of Ventimilla, and was subsequently elected President for a full term. Under his administration Ecuador progressed very rapidly; telegraphs and railroads were largely added to the resources of the country, and a great impetus was given to the cause of public education, many schools and colleges having been established under his direction. On February 6, 1886, a desperate attempt was made to assassinate President Caamaño. While in the railroad station at Taguachi, attended only by two aides, he was set upon by sixteen conspirators. One of the aides was killed, the President slew one of his assailants with his own hand, broke through their ranks, flung himself into the river, and escaped by swimming about two miles. At the expiration of his term of office he became Governor of the Province of Guayaquil, a post which he still holds, being away on leave of absence. Ex-President Caamaño is a member of several scientific bodies of Spain, France, and Holland, and wears the ribbons of various foreign orders.

A Chilian delegate of distinction is Judge José Alfonso. Trained to the law, and beginning its practice in 1856, he was appointed on the bench of the Court of Commerce temporarily in 1862, and soon after was made a permanent judge of that important court. That position he held for eighteen years, and in the course of that time rendered the great service of compiling the vast body of legal decisions and mercantile usages into a Code of Commerce since adopted by the Chilian Congress for the whole country. His various publications and commentaries on this Code, and his long administration of the court taking cognizance of cases arising under it, make him undoubtedly the first authority in Chili on the subject of commercial law. In 1879 he was appointed Judge-Advocate of the Army of the North. Resigning this position on the ground of ill health, he was shortly afterward elevated to the bench of the Court of Appeals. Latterly he has been filling a temporary vacancy in the Supreme Court, and is in the direct line of permanent promotion to that highest tribunal of Chili. Judge Alfonso has also held several political offices. In 1875, at the special request of the President, he withdrew from the bench for a time to fill the position of Minister for Foreign Affairs in the cabinet. He was also Secretary of the Treasury for some months in 1880. He has been a leader in the cause of public education, and has accomplished a great deal in the spread of free schools. Personally he is a most amiable and agreeable gentleman.

Two of the Argentine delegates will next claim attention. Dr. Roque Saenz Peña is a lawyer who has stuck pretty closely to his profession, though his public service, for so comparatively young a man (he is but thirty-eight), has not been insignificant. In 1876 he was elected to the Legislature of the Province of Buenos Ayres, and chosen President of that body. In 1880 he was appointed to the head of the National Registry of Property. Continuing in that position till 1887, he was then nominated Minister to Uruguay. He still occupies that office, being now in this country in attendance upon the Pan-American Congress on leave of absence. Probably one reason of his appointment as delegate was the fact that he had just been serving as an Argentine representative in the late International South American Congress at Montevideo. In the deliberations of that gathering he took a prominent part, being Chairman of the Committee on Criminal Law, and bringing in an elaborate and learned report. Dr. Peña has also done a good deal of journalistic work in Buenos Ayres.

His colleague, Dr. Manuel Quintana, is considered the leader of the Argentine bar, and has taken perhaps the most conspicuous part in the debates at Washington. He is a man whose prompt energy, shrewdness, and ample knowledge would make him a marked personality in any assemblage. Something over sixty years of age, he has devoted the last thirty years almost exclusively to his profession, having steadily declined cabinet positions and other political appointments. Still, he has managed to render considerable public service, as the following list of the positions he has held will show: Professor of Civil Law in the University of Buenos Ayres; delegate to the Constitutional Convention of the Province of Buenos Ayres; Representative in the Buenos Ayres Legislature; member of the National Congress for four terms, and President of the same for two; Senator from the Province of Buenos Ayres; President *pro tempore* of the national Senate, and acting President of the

A FEARFUL RISK.

"Yessir! Onny about an hour ago an old gent was a-comin' acrost de street when a horse and wagin came a-runin' roun de corner, knocked 'im down an' broke bofe ees legs, just as he wuz comin' here to have ees boots blacked!"

republic during a temporary failure in the succession; President of the Convention for the reform of the Constitution; special Minister to Paraguay to settle questions of commerce and boundaries; Professor of Social Science in the University of Buenos Ayres, and Rector of the University; delegate to the International South American Congress at Montevideo.

Salvador de Menezes e Vasconcellos Drummond Furtado de Mendonça, who signs only Salvador de Mendonça, was born July 21, 1841, in the Province of Rio de Janeiro, Brazil. He comes from one of the oldest Portuguese families residing in Brazil, and is descended from the Drummonds of Scotland, the Hurtados de Mendoza of Spain, and the Menezes e Vasconcellos of Portugal. Senhor Mendonça was educated in Rio de Janeiro, and graduated in law at the Law College of St. Paul, Brazil. At the age of twenty-four he was Professor of History in the college of Pedro II. at Rio de Janeiro. Besides the Portuguese language and the classics he is familiar with Spanish, Italian, French, and English.

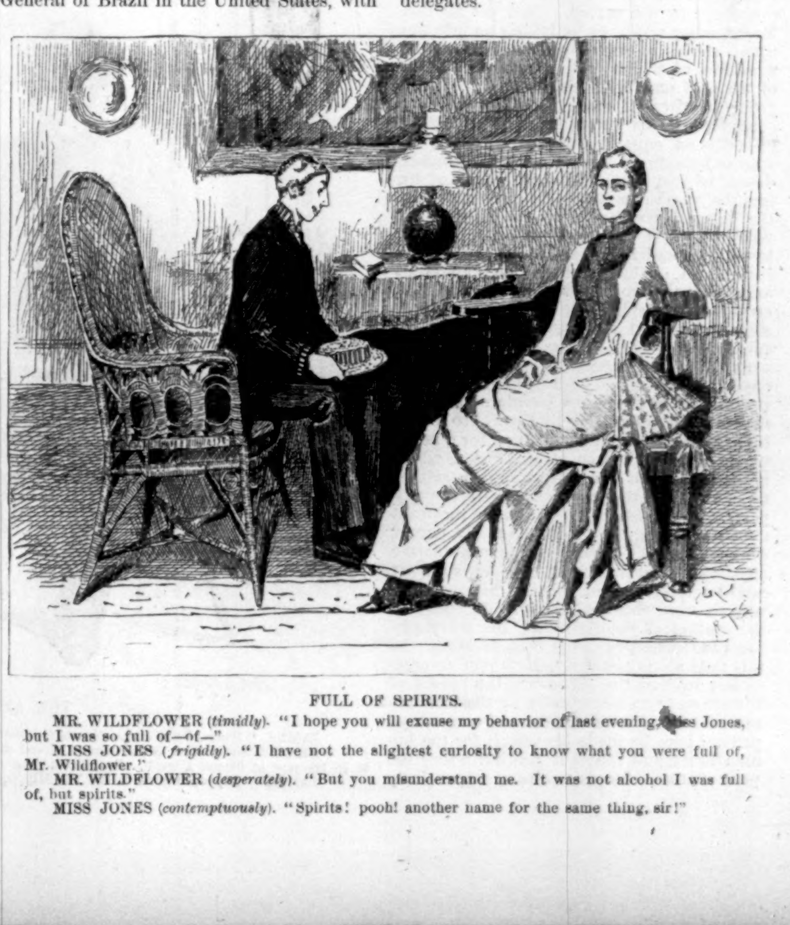
At the age of twenty, in 1861, he began to write for the press. From 1867 to 1869 he was at the head of the daily paper *Ypiranga*, the organ of the Liberal party in the advanced Province of St. Paul. In 1870 he began, with Mr. Quintino Bocayuva, to publish the *Republica*, the first daily organ of republican ideas in Brazil. This paper started the organization of the party which has recently come into power, and which has founded the United States of Brazil. In 1872 he retired from the daily press, and devoted his time to novel-writing and literary collaboration, reviewing, etc. Two years after he found himself at the side of his old friend Quintino Bocayuva, now Minister of Foreign Affairs, in the daily paper *Globo*, of Rio de Janeiro.

In 1861 Senhor Mendonça married his first wife, Dona Amelia Clemencia Lucia Luiza de Mendonça, *née* Lemos, granddaughter of Baron de Rio Verde, and by this marriage had a son and four daughters. In 1874 his wife died, and illness compelled him to leave the press, being appointed in 1875 Consul-General of Brazil in the United States, with head-quarters in New York. The parting words of the ex-Emperor to Senhor Mendonça in 1875 have been already published: "I hope that you will serve the empire in the republic as well as you have served the republic in the empire."

In 1876 Senhor Mendonça married his second wife, Miss Maria Elisa Varney Redman, from the State of Maine. After serving as Consul-General for fourteen years, during which period he was instrumental in the development of commercial relations between the two countries, and in establishing better mail facilities with Brazil, he was appointed last July Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of Brazil at Washington, on a special mission, and delegate to the International American Conference.

Three days after the fall of the Emperor, who knew always the republican ideas of his Consul-General, and had perfect confidence in his loyalty to the service of his country, Senhor Mendonça received notice from his old friend Bocayuva that his powers had been renewed by the provisional government.

The delegate from Guatemala, Fernando Cruz, LL.D., was born in Guatemala in the year 1845. His education was principally had in the University of Guatemala, of which he afterward became the President. He has been eminently successful in his chosen profession—the law—having filled several of the highest offices in the Guatemalan judiciary. His first cabinet position was that of Minister of the Interior, to which he was appointed in 1880. Since then he has once filled the position of Minister of Foreign Affairs. Appointed in June, 1889, Minister to the United States, his credentials as a member of the Pan-American Conference were given to him at the same time. Dr. Cruz is among the foremost linguists of the entire congress, speaking English, French, and German with great ease and correctness. He is known in his own country as a writer of merit, his work *Institutes of National Law* being a standard text-book. Quiet and affable, his great attainments and thorough scholarship make him one of the most useful of all the delegates.



FULL OF SPIRITS.

MR. WILDFLOWER (*timidly*). "I hope you will excuse my behavior of last evening, Miss Jones, but I was so full of—of—"

MISS JONES (*frigidly*). "I have not the slightest curiosity to know what you were full of, Mr. Wildflower."

MR. WILDFLOWER (*desperately*). "But you misunderstand me. It was not alcohol I was full of, but spirits."

MISS JONES (*contemptuously*). "Spirits! pooh! another name for the same thing, sir!"

WILLIAM T. SMEDLEY, ARTIST.—From a Photograph.

WILLIAM T. SMEDLEY.

As Philadelphia glories in her Franklin, of Boston, and her Albert Gallatin, of Geneva, so are we of New York now celebrating the triumph of "our" Smedley, of Philadelphia—not the first, by-the-way, that has been drawn to the metropolis from the City of Brotherly Love by the wider opportunities here offered for the work of first-rate artists. Of Quaker parentage, W. T. Smedley has consistently emulated the cardinal teaching of the "Society of Friends" by never departing from the truth, even in the cause of art. He has sought food for his fancy in the world of to-day, and has discovered in this world as much of poetry, of grace, and of moral elevation as any other artist of his generation and years.

From the day when he exhibited his first important work in this city, entitled "Embarrassment," depicting a bashful swain between two vexatious maidens, his career has been a chronicle of masterly studies upon the life that is going on about us—studies crowned by the one which is more particularly the occasion of this sketch, and which has just received the prize at the hands of the American Water-color Society. It is "The First Thanksgiving Dinner," which was engraved as a double-page in the Weekly of November 23, 1889, and its hero is the baby, who is seated proudly in the lap of its mother, while the father, with the expression we all recognize as belonging to the head of a very young family, is quizzically watching the attempt of mamma doing her best to keep two tiny baby hands together in the attitude of saying grace. A tidy waitress looks on with an absence of consciousness that stamps her at once as belonging as much to the baby as to her starchy caps and aprons; the group, in short, is an idyl of family life, so full of sympathetic treatment that in the motive we almost forget the surroundings or the period. And yet all this Mr. Smedley produces by taking us into the upper stories of some apartment-house, the windows of which look over a wilderness of tin roof and brick chimney. The little group is, after all, made up of an ordinary correctly dressed young bank clerk sitting opposite an equally attractive young wife, who is holding on her knee a baby no more devoid of beauty than most little ones of six months, who in its turn is being watched by the every-day waitress we are all familiar with. This is the bare situation, the material into which our artist has thrown the inspiration of his genius. The materials were perhaps no better than those which suggested to Raphael the painting that every mother looks at longest when visiting the famous gallery of Dresden.

Smedley is not what is commonly called academically trained; but he has utilized opportunities to study the people of all sorts that make up our struggling world to a very high degree. His first work was for a newspaper in West Chester, Pennsylvania, where he made himself generally useful in setting type, running the press, addressing wrappers, and reporting, from which he went to a dingy engraver's office on the corner of Seventh and Chestnut streets in his native city. These years, which to many an artist might appear wasted, were to him as valuable as were those which Murillo spent in the market of Seville selling his early pictures to the traders of the Spanish Main. In this field alone could Smedley have so completely learned the lesson that the poems of life are sung no less sweetly by the mechanic's wife than by the daughter of a merchant prince; here he made his search for the human heart, and found it beating under the plain clothes of to-day quite as responsively as it ever did under the fine laces of cavaliers or ruffled dames.

Since the days of local reporting few men have travelled so far and seen so much as Smedley. In 1880 and '81 he made exhaustive sketching tours in Canada, gathering material to illustrate a large work called *Picturesque Canada*. This trip marks the starting-point in a steady rise in public fame as well as professional merit; and when, in 1885, Mr. Frederick B. Schell, the present manager of Harper's Art Department, was requested to suggest the most competent artist to assist him in his labors upon the monumental *Picturesque Atlas of Australasia*, Smedley was immediately called for this work, in which he was engaged nearly a year. They utilized the opportunity of making the complete tour of the world. Smedley remained two or three years in Paris, and since then has been known to the public chiefly through the publications of the Harpers. Although to-day we can think of few that equal him in his particular field, it is not too much to expect that an artist who does well with so few years behind him will give evidence of exceptional capacities when he nears the ripe period of his powers.

Poultney Bigelow.

A COSTLY EXPERIENCE.

The "Problem in Railroading" that was discussed in this column a few days ago was solved simultaneously with the publication of the last number of the Weekly. The solution was the one indicated in that number, namely, a readjustment of the relations between the Chicago, Burlington, and Northern and the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy railroad companies. That readjustment consists of a transfer of the ownership of the first to the last named company. The Chicago, Burlington, and Northern road was built for the purpose of selling it to the Burlington and Quincy company, and with the view of securing the prospective purchaser the promoters of the enterprise, themselves directors of the Burlington and Quincy company, inveigled that corporation into taking one-third of the stock, to represent a part of its investment in the 330 miles of road connecting the Burlington and Quincy's main line with St. Paul. The promoters of this disgraceful undertaking have been a long time carrying out their programme. Though they were able to commit the Burlington and Quincy company to the enterprise and to secure valuable traffic concessions from it, they have never been able to persuade that company to pay the price at which they have held a majority of the stock. With the view of beating the parent company into a bad bargain they have ignored natural laws and geographical conditions, and violated the soundest principles of railroad management, as well as those of business morality.

A certain amount of satisfaction may be derived from the fact that those who built the C., B., and Northern road have been unable to exact the price that they hoped to for their stock. They used to quote their shares as high as $97 in the Boston market. That was three years ago. Since then the manipulation has steadily weakened, until the stock was quoted at $34 a share a few days before the directors sold their holdings to the Burlington and Quincy company at $40 a share. The stock is said to have cost them originally $18 a share. It is safe to estimate that the purchaser has saved about fifty dollars a share on about sixty thousand shares of stock, or a total of $3,000,000, by holding off for nearly three years; but by allowing the C., B., and Northern to make rates for a territory including Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Dakota, Nebraska, and to an extent in Illinois, Missouri, and Kansas, it has been chiefly responsible for one of the most disastrous rate wars that was ever waged. The effect upon its own finances can be demonstrated almost to a dollar. The net earnings of the Burlington and Quincy system in 1886 were over twelve million dollars. In the following year the Northern road was let loose to demonstrate its actual earning capacity. It reduced rates to divert over its line through traffic which would naturally have sought other channels. The effect of the reductions that it precipitated is shown by a decrease in the net earnings of the Burlington and Quincy company from 1886 to 1888 of over seven million dollars. In that two years the Burlington and Quincy company from paying all its charges, eight per cent. upon its stock, and carrying forward a million dollars to its renewal fund, was reduced to the necessity of drawing upon the surplus earnings of previous years to meet its interest and sinking-fund charges. During the year 1889 a certain amount of restraint was imposed upon the C., B., and Northern road through the operation of the Inter-State Commerce Railway Association, and in consequence the railroads affected by its competition obtained better prices for their services. Through all this period the operations of the C., B., and Northern road have been continuously unprofitable, and it is understood that the question of supplying the money required to pay the interest due April 1 upon its first mortgage bonds was an important factor in determining the directors to close out their interest in the concern.

The purchase will cost the Burlington and Quincy company about $2,500,000, and to save an equal amount it has lost fully $10,000,000 in net earnings, and helped to bring about permanently lower rates throughout the Northwest. All the railroads of that section of the country have suffered various degrees of financial prostration, and the markets for railway securities have received a shock from which they have as yet hardly begun to recover. The central figure in this transaction, the costly effects of which have been barely outlined above, is Mr. John M. Forbes, a resident of Boston, and Chairman of the Board of Directors of the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy Railroad Company. He and members of his family and a few social and business associates are, according to the records, responsible for the building of the C., B., and Northern road, and for its prejudicial relations with the Burlington and Quincy company. Yet throughout the transaction Mr. Forbes and those directors of the Burlington and Quincy company who at the same time have served in a similar capacity in the C., B., and Northern company appear to have retained the confidence of the shareholders of the first-named corporation.

As the result that has taken place was inevitable, there is a unanimity of opinion on the part of those who are best qualified to judge of the merits of the transaction as to its wisdom and the benefits that are almost certain to be derived from it. The effort to demonstrate that in railroading two sides of a triangle are equal to the third side has been abandoned, and with that event the evils incidental to the effort should and will disappear. There are other questions to be solved before the railroad business of the country can be established on the best possible basis, but none of them is as serious as the one that has just been disposed of by the Burlington and Quincy company. It is unnecessary to attempt to foreshadow the details of the policy of the Burlington and Quincy company in its management of its new acquisition. It is enough to know that it has become the principal if not the sole owner of the most disturbing piece of railroad that was ever built, and that it has taken that step with the view of protecting itself and its neighbors, and promoting more harmonious relations between all of them, and hence more profitable rates for all.

Collin Armstrong.

THE ART OF ACTING.

JAMES. "Hullo, De Forest. How's the world usin' ye, me boy?"
DE FOREST. "Now is the winter of our discontent. Bad, bad, Jimmy. I'm playing Buckingham in Richard at fifteen a week. But, anon, what cheer with you?"
JAMES. "Hippopotamus in the Tin Hippopotamus at two hundred. Come and dine with me."

WE'LL SUPPOSE A CASE.

You are nervous and dyspeptic, your appetite flags, your slumber is broken or disturbed by uneasy dreams, or you court the sleepy god in vain. What shall you do? Try an alcoholic excitant to stimulate appetite? Deaden the nerves at bed-time with a narcotic? Neither of these. Try Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. It will, believe us, be more than a trial. You will continue to use this justly renowned nerve invigorant and stomachic. It is in the exigency supposed just what is wanted. It is a healthful stimulus to appetite and digestion, does not excite, but quiets the brain and nerves, is an excellent diuretic, and a speedy reformer of a disordered condition of the liver and bowels. It counteracts a tendency to rheumatism, nullifies the prostrating effects of overwork, mitigates the infirmities of age, and hastens convalescence. Persons exposed to rough weather should use it as a preventive, as should also tired students and business men.—[*Adv.*]

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

A SUDDEN CHANGE OF WEATHER Will often bring on a cough. The irritation which induces coughing is quickly subdued by Brown's Bronchial Troches, a simple and effective cure for all throat troubles. Price, 25 cents per box.—[*Adv.*]

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When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—[*Adv.*]

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The Best Worm Lozenges for Children are Brown's Vermifuge Comfits, 25c. a box.—[*Adv.*]

When Macbeth ironically asked, "Canst thou minister to a mind diseased?" he little knew that mankind would one day be blessed with Ayer's Sarsaparilla. In purifying the blood, this powerful alterative gives tone and strength to *every* function and faculty of the system.—[*Adv.*]

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HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

HOW A GREAT CITY IS FED.

BY G. T. FERRIS.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. A. ROGERS.

THE purely physical needs of man are at the bottom of nine-tenths of human work. They not only inspire the industry but furnish the occupations. To obtain food and raiment, and to secure shelter from the weather, measure the hopes and ambitions of a very large majority of the race. To secure the wherewithal to live and to propagate his kind sum up the history of the average man, as it does that of the ephemera which flash across the radiance of a June morning. "Eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow you die," is about the whole message which science sends to humanity, when we have shrunk all its intellectualism and grandeur down to the ultimate base on which it stands.

The rich man in his palace represents but the expanded needs of the cave-man who fought with bears for the possession of a den, and carved on the walls pictures of his grapples with beasts not a whit more savage than himself. But in this enormous expansion of needs is contained the epic of civilization. Men have labored, combined, thought, fought, and intrigued for many thousand years, with the net gain of forming an ideal in stately houses of carved wood and stone instead of caves and huts; in silks and satins, broadcloth and velvet, instead of skins and fig-leaves; in the delicious sophistries of a French cuisine instead of a reeking collop hot from the victim; in Champagne and Burgundy instead of water or goat's milk. This evolution of desire flowered out of a foul root with its parallel achievement, plus the mental discipline gained in the struggle, will account for most of the wonders of social growth. It gives reason for being to the farmer, the fisherman, the mechanic, the manufacturer, and the merchant, with the various minor crafts and occupations which ramify from each one of these callings. Of these the lines of effort devoted to the growing and distribution of food are by far the most important. Clothing and shelter in many parts of the world are superfluities, or at most not more than luxury. The acquirement of the wherewithal to fill the stomach—by fraud, force, tilling the soil, or honest barter—is indispensable. The civilized man only adds to the brute needs of the wild man that superior sense of the tickling of the palate grown out of the habit of experiment and the search for the unknown.

The span from truffled turkey and green turtle soup to roots and raw fish is easily taken in fancy, yet what vast proportions it covers! At the height of Greek and Roman civilization it was only the enormously rich man who could command the food resources of a territory more than a few hundred miles away, and that only in the one class of the cereals. Now the greasy mechanic or the ditch-digger gathers tribute from the whole world to supply his table; and what Lucullus could hardly compass by spending 50,000 *denarii* for a single supper any one may now have at the price of a day's wages.

When one stops to think how a great city like New York is fed, what a multiplicity of forces, what complexity of effort, what a cost of energy and forethought it involves, the mental view is almost bewildering. Could the juice of some magic herb, potent to extend vision to the uttermost ends of the earth, be sprinkled on his eyelids as he sits at a modestly appointed breakfast or dinner table, he would recognize himself master of the world, as Alexander never was. For him would be conjured up a panoramic spectacle of pig-tailed laborers working in the tea fields of China, and of swarthy toilers gathering coffee in Java, and stripping the spice-trees of Sumatra. Sweating under the tropical sun in two hemispheres, millions of men would join the procession of those who were the slaves of his needs, to serve at his call every variety of luscious fruit. Ships for him sail or steam over all the oceans, and continuous lines of rails gridiron the larger portion of North America, probably soon destined to be bound by the same ties to the southern half of the continent. Prairies thousands of miles away furnish him bread and meat, and hunters scour the mountains and plains of the far West to offer him the spoils of the wilderness.

The limitations of season have ceased to be any bar to the demands of appetite. The development of cold-storage warehouses has banished in large measure the divisions of summer and winter, and the epicure can feast on pecan-fed turkey and canvas-back duck on the Fourth of July with as much relish as he can at Christmas.

Fish continually come into our markets, brought alive to their destination from a thousand miles away. Vegetables are conveyed by the steamer-load from subtropical regions, and one may enjoy green peas and strawberries before the winter blasts have done howling through the streets, and compelling the pedestrian to button close his top-coat over a shivering form.

The strength of a chain, however, is measured by its weakest link, and to fully grasp the enormous expansion of our market resources, and what that expansion involves, we must look at what they do for the poor man. The day-laborer toiling in the streets for a living is fed with products—making more than half of what he consumes—which travel a thousand miles or more before reaching the point of final distribution, and at very little greater cost than when he drew his supplies from a radius of fifty miles. Of course the rich man in all ages of the world has had a considerable command of luxury; but nowadays the man of the proletariat may easily have varieties of food which a well-to-do gentleman of the Elizabethan period could not have obtained. The grand developments of productive industry and of transportation facilities have made this whole big world of ours, farm, fish-pond, and game preserve, for the owner of the horny fist as well as him of the kid glove. At least it is so to a material extent in America, where the lower classes live on far better and more abundant food than in any part of Europe.

Neither New York nor any other American city has great and organized markets, conducted on the same extensive scale as can be seen in Paris and London, where municipal authority has an important part in regulating the methods of food supply. Beyond the revenue which New York acquires from the rental of market privileges, and a certain nominal control, exercised for the most part in a negative rather than in a positive way, everything is left to the individual enterprise of the venders, who act with fully as much freedom as if they transacted business out of the market. The same tendency, which has hitherto been the dominant fact in all our American industrial and commercial methods, to leave everything not only to personal initiative, but to personal management, has governed the conduct of our markets. As a corollary of this, we find in New York, which may be regarded as typical of other cities in similar directions, that our markets have been widely scattered and desultory in their operations, instead of showing the concentration of the great European market-places. It is for these reasons that New York has no grand market centre, nobly housed, with that dignity of external show and completeness of interior appliances which befit so important an interest in civilization and so great a city, the third, if not the second, of the world's principal capitals. The leading retail centre, which, of course, must be taken as the index of public spirit as directed toward market interests, Washington Market, is a sprawling concern, rebuilt from time to time, in whole or in part, to meet current needs, but always remaining an unworthy and insufficient structure. A superb public edifice, which should be one of the architectural glories of the city and a monument of civic enterprise, would alone embody the great demands centred in this class of industrial interests. It is to be feared that there is too much complexity and clashing of interests under the municipal system which has grown up in America to promise such a result as probable. The ordinance of 1879, which authorized the rebuilding of this market, seems to have contemplated, not a new building, but tinker's work; so it remains, like the ghost of Hamlet's father, "a thing of shreds and patches."

The new West Washington Market, devoted to wholesale purposes, ten to one, would not have been built had not the imperative claims of the Dock Department on the old site made progress Hobson's choice. We shall see, however, that the chief retail market of New York, in spite of its unworthy exterior, is a most picturesque and interesting place, well worth a visit even from him who goes with no intent to buy.

The history of New York markets is not without curious and suggestive interest. Though many of the old names have disappeared, nearly half of them exist in the line of legitimate succession. Washington and Fulton markets, the two most important retail centres, household names throughout the country, have a worthy genealogy; and, though with change of name, date back almost to the time when the jolly old Dutch burgher, who looked at the things of this life from an aspect quite contrary to that of the austere New England Puritan, made a study of the pleasures of the table.

Fulton Market, opened in 1821, was the successor of the old Vley, or Fly Market, which had been, from the earliest times, the head-quarters of the fish trade. So our great fish market has a hereditary fame, as becomes its genesis under the régime of the good Hollanders, offshoots of a country which for more than two centuries supplied nearly the whole of Europe with sea-food. Washington Market harks back to the old Bear Market, built in 1772, which again at an earlier date was known as Oswego Market. These two institutions are to-day the main distributing media of New York, though there are other minor ones, such as Catherine, Jefferson, Clinton, Tompkins, Centre, Essex, and Union, several of which were once of great importance.

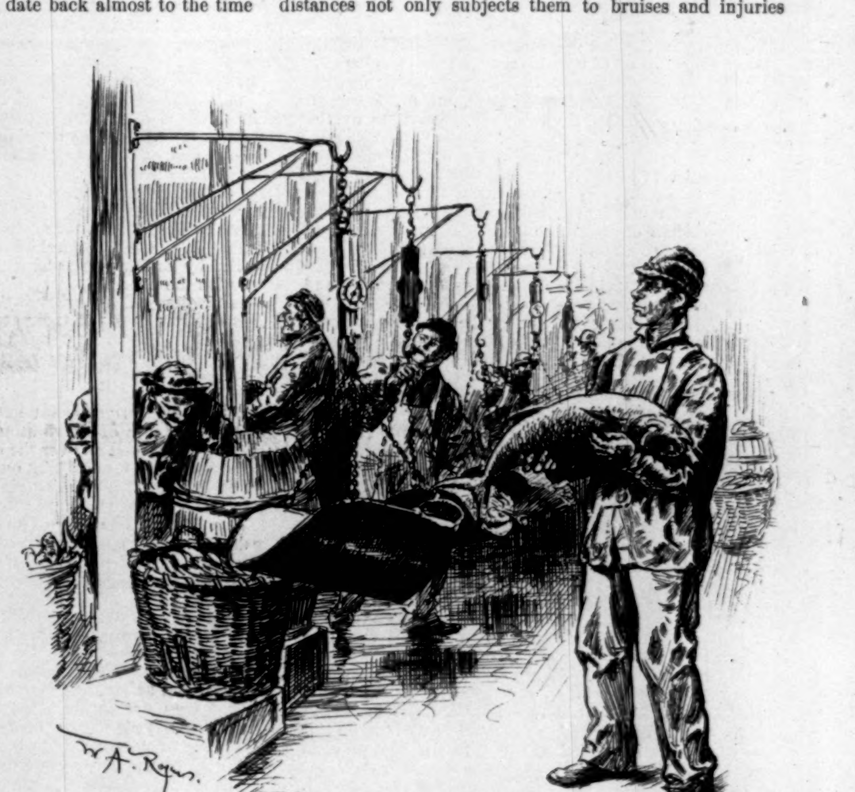
In sketching the features of the origin, shipment, and distribution of the food supply of New York, it will be proper to examine it first from the side of wholesale business, as this is indeed the main and all-important aspect. When the city drew its main food supply from a radius of fifty miles, nearly everything was done on a narrow basis of retail methods. Now that all the resources of a continent are kept on tap to meet the expanded needs of two and a quarter millions of people, the machinery is vastly more complex.

It goes without saying that all study of market methods at New York must include the suburbs, great and small, which get their supplies from New York, and which essentially belong to New York, though organized under different municipal governments, and perhaps belonging to different States. Brooklyn, Long Island City, Jersey City, and Hoboken are essentially a part of the great city of Manhattan Island.

The new West Washington Market on Washington Street, between Gansevoort and Little Twelfth, is nominally the head-quarters of the wholesale market business. While it is true that the four hundred odd dealers who occupy places here represent an important part in the machinery of the provision business, it would be misleading not to strictly limit their functions. Many of these dealers, representing meats raw and cured, cured fish, poultry and game, vegetables and fruit, both native and imported, are commission merchants, though some of them are direct buyers, and really great wholesalers. In some cases, indeed, they almost control the handling of special lines of articles, but in no case does the mastery extend over the great staples, such as beef, pork, and flour, being confined to minor products, though the latter may be important in their kind. Most, if not all, of these dealers are members of the Produce Exchange, and probably take part in its speculative as well as its genuine transactions. A large portion of the dealings in this market, too, must be credited to the home and foreign export trade, and does not touch the question of local food supply. All statistics covering the business in articles of food are liable to this difficulty—the confusion of separating the figures of those products which are consumed for home supply, and those which pass through New York merely as a distributing point. For this reason it will not be practicable to give more than approximate estimates.

The first element to be considered in this survey will be the supply of flesh food, including in this only what is commonly known as "butcher's-meat"—beef, mutton, veal, and pork. This reaches New York in the shape of live cattle and dressed carcasses. The revolution of methods caused by the vast increase in the last-named method of bringing meat to market is full of interesting facts. It is already a veritable revolution, and it is believed by many who have studied the matter most closely that within a few years but little of the meat consumed in New York or other large Eastern centres will be butchered east of Chicago. Only a few years ago the preparation of meat for the final process of the kitchen fire was all done in local abattoirs long after the main supply of live cattle came from the distant West. The tremendous expansion of the dressed-beef business has been within the last decade. The scale on which it is done is well calculated to astonish the unaccustomed mind.

The houses which transact nearly all of this business are five in number: G. F. and E. C. Swift, George H. Hammond & Co., Armour & Co., Nelson, Morris, & Co., and the Armour Packing Company, the head-quarters of all of them being in Chicago. In the latter-named city the slaughtering and dressing of the cattle are largely carried on. These great establishments have also branch abattoirs and packing-houses at points like Omaha and Kansas City, a cardinal principle of the dressed-beef business being that the nearer the place of growth and fattening the killing is done, the better the quality of the meat. The transportation of live cattle for great distances not only subjects them to bruises and injuries



IN THE WHOLESALE FISH MARKET.

which impair the quality of the meat, but they inevitably lose fat. In spite of the fact that special cattle cars, with conveniences for watering and feeding without removing the animals, have been devised, some of them indeed having comfortable stalls for sleeping purposes, the result is deteriorating. A week's journey, even—by no means an excessive one for live cattle brought from the far West—is sure to leave its effects in loss of both weight and quality. No precautions yet discovered have been able to obviate this. The local abattoirs, which butcher cattle grown and fattened within a day's journey of New York, could not supply a twentieth part of the demand. The dependence must be on Western beef.

It is a mistake, however, to suppose that the Chicago manufacturers (for so they may properly be called) of dressed beef depend principally on the cattle brought from the great ranches and ranges of the far West and Southwest. The States of Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Missouri, Minnesota, Kansas, and Nebraska raise vast herds of the choicest beeves, home-bred and corn-fattened, which are but a short distance from the point of slaughter. This grade of beef begins to reach New York and other Eastern markets about the last of November, and holds its own till about the first of August. For the remaining portion of the year the supply of beef depends on the "rangers," as they are technically known in the trade, which come from the more distant feeding-grounds of New Mexico, Indian Territory, and Texas, where the "world-famed" cow-boy reigns in full glory.

The immense facilities which the manufacturers of dressed meats in Chicago possess may be realized from some notes and figures of the transactions of Armour & Co. for the year 1888. This establishment occupies about forty acres, employs 5000 men, and sold $58,000,000 worth of products. Its buildings will store 120,000 tons of meat, and the area of its cold-storage room is thirty acres. It slaughtered last year 1,140,000 hogs, 361,200 bullocks, and 164,540 sheep. Of course an immense quantity of this raw material was packed, but the dressed-meat business was little less great. The other establishments we have mentioned are projected on a similar scale, and the most advanced scientific methods are applied in the killing, dressing, and treatment of the meats. The stock-yards, with the great slaughter-houses which are located close at hand, were for many years quoted as among the most wonderful sights of Chicago to be shown to the tourist.

The various firms dealing in dressed meats have forty-two branch houses in New York, Brooklyn, and Jersey City, by which the product is distributed. It is brought from the West in refrigerator cars, each firm having a special kind of car of its own device, and owning its own rolling-stock. Several of them own from two to three thousand refrigerator cars each, and shipments are made to all important points East and South. The business was started with Boston as a head-quarters about ten years since, but New York is now probably the greater centre of distribution. All live-stock slaughtered in Chicago are examined by officers of the Board of Health before and after killing, and the most rigid precautions taken against diseased meat. Carcasses are stored twelve hours at a temperature of 50°, and then they are removed to refrigerated rooms kept at a temperature of 38°, where they are retained twenty-four hours longer before shipment. The refrigerator cars are chilled by the use of ice and salt stored in tanks, and so arranged that the cold air comes in from the top. The temperature is kept at 38°, and it can easily be seen that when the meat arrives in New York it is in splendid condition. There are icing stations disposed along the route where the refrigerating tanks are resupplied. The storage-rooms, where the carcasses are held awaiting sale, are of the same temperature. This method is the same winter and summer, though it need hardly be said that for three months the need of artificial refrigeration is not great. Sales are made at the storage warehouses directly to butchers, jobbers, and market-men, and the terms are in nearly every case cash. The largest sales are made by the Swifts, Armour & Co., and Hammond & Co., the first-named doing two-fifths, probably, of the whole business. The local sales of Western dressed meats in New York and environs (this estimate carefully excludes exports and places for which the city is a distributing point) for 1888 were about 250,000 carcasses of beef = 168,750,000 lbs.; 300,000 calves = 37,500,000 lbs.; 75,000 carcasses of mutton = 4,125,000 lbs.; and 75,000 hogs = 10,500,000 lbs. The export of dressed beef to Europe from the port of New York is also a growing business of great importance, as it likewise is at the port of Boston. Entire steamer-loads are frequently sent, and many of the fast greyhounds of the sea, as well as the slower ships, are fitted up with refrigerator chambers for this kind of transport. These cold-storage compartments, with their apparatus, cost often $10,000, and are equipped sometimes by the steam-ship company, sometimes by the dressed-beef company. The English, who are the main consumers of our beef exports, have had a prejudice against foreign-dressed beef in times past, but this is gradually and surely being overcome. It is now getting to be pretty well understood that much of the prime meat sold as English beef in the markets of Great Britain is sent in carcass from America. This growing feature of the export trade is in all probability fated to entirely destroy the export of live cattle, as it means large saving in freight bills, lower prices, and a superior quality of meat.

Great as has been the expansion of the business in Western dressed meats, the larger part of our local supply is derived from live-stock brought to New York and butchered here. These animals are brought from all portions of the United States, even Texas and New Mexico contributing in spite of their great distance. Every effort is made, of course, to secure beeves fattened at nearer points, but the competition of the Western manufacturers of dressed beef is very great in fighting for the cattle-market. The cattle cars used to-day are vastly improved over those used twenty-five years ago. At that time they were nothing but the rudest boxes, in some cases not even housed. The stock, at fixed points, was driven from the cars into yards to be fed and watered, and then reloaded; and it was often a fortnight before final delivery was effected. It need hardly be said that such a journey as this left stock in a condition that did not always commend itself to the epicure. But the demand was greatly less at that period, and it was to home-fattened from the States of New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, and Pennsylvania that the butcher looked for his choicest cuts. The methods of transportation for live-stock, though greatly improved, are still not sufficient to deliver animals in perfect condition, and perhaps never can be made so. It is on this ground that those interested in the Western dressed-meat business (especially beef and mutton) believe that the trade in live cattle at New York is sure to decrease year by year. The conditions will affect lamb, veal, and pork to an inferior degree, and these will probably continue to be butchered at local points for a long while to come. The Eastman Company, located near the New York Central Stock-yards, foot of Sixty-fifth Street, on the North River, have immense abattoirs, and do a business of its kind almost rivalling that of the great Chicago establishments; but they send their meats abroad, and confine themselves to export. Another great slaughtering establishment is that of Schwartzchild & Sulzburger, on the East side, near the foot of Forty-seventh Street. This firm kills exclusively for the home market, and plays a large part in the food supply of New York. Its plant is very large, and is one of the most scientifically perfect in the world, all the most approved appliances being used. The mind ordinarily associates the business of slaughtering animals for the market with all that is grewsome and disgusting. In such establishments, however, as those which have been mentioned everything is kept so scrupulously clean and neat, and operations are conducted on such a system, that the more repellent features of the work are absent. The great stock-yards, where the live-stock designed for the New York markets are mainly received, are at Harsimus Cove, and belong to the terminal plant of the Pennsylvania Railroad, though they are independently conducted by a wealthy stock-yard company, in which the railroad company owns a large amount of stock. These and the New York Central yards provide for the great receipts of live-stock pending their killing in New York or their shipment abroad. There are three market-days a week at the stock-yards, and the scene is a most animated and picturesque spectacle for the novice. A countless sea of horned heads, of sheep, of calves, and of swine, tens of thousands in number, await change of ownership, and the noises of the bellowing, the baaing, the bleating, and the grunting are deafening. The purchase of cattle here is a matter of sharp financiering though done with great rapidity. One suggestive feature of the methods by which prices are kept up is worth noting. Toward the end of an active day's sale small lots of cattle will often have survived the keen bidding. If these were sold at a low price, butchered, and put on the market at reduced figure to the retail butchers, it would tend to lower the general wholesale price of meat. A great establishment like Schwartzchild & Sulzburger is therefore obliged, in self-protection, to rush in and buy up these scattering remainders at a high figure, to take away all excuse for a drop in wholesale rates, which, of course, would affect the prices of meat from animals purchased, at a stiff figure, directly in the West for through shipment.

The receipts of live-stock in New York, exclusive of exports, for 1888, were 363,295 cattle = 254,306,500 lbs., dressed weight (about); 263,724 calves = 329,655,000 lbs. (*idem*); sheep and lambs, 1,865,600 = 74,624,000 lbs. (*idem*); and swine, 1,553,102 = 232,965,300 lbs. (*idem*).

It is now practicable for us to arrive at some approximate notion of the total amount of butcher's-meat eaten in a year by the 2,500,000 people who live in what may be called the metropolitan area of New York. The figures would be about as follows: 423,056,500 lbs. of beef; 367,105,000 lbs. of veal; 78,749,000 lbs. of mutton and lamb; and 244,465,300 lbs. of pork; total, 1,113,758,000 lbs. How much of this is diverted to the uses of the manufacturers of cured meats; how much is sold to steam-ship lines and the watering-place hotels North and South, which have their supplies sent from New York, it is not easy to estimate. It is not less difficult to compute just what fraction of the total must be credited to the outlying provincial towns in at least three States which depend on the New York market for their fresh-meat supply. When a fair deduction is made on these grounds from the aggregates given above, it is reasonable to put the *per capita* daily consumption of butcher's-meat, including bone, for the two and a half millions of the great metropolis at about one pound. Recent estimates put the London consumption per head at about half a pound, and that of Paris at less than three-eighths of a pound. The vast waste of raw food in this country by unskilful cooking and careless habits is too well known to need comment.

Next in importance in the food supply of New York comes fish, an article of diet which to many peoples is the main item of flesh food. Fulton Market has been, since there were any markets on Manhattan Island, the distributing centre of food drawn from the finny tribes of river, lake, and ocean. Probably no city in the world has so varied and interesting a fish-market. A sea-coast of two thousand miles of ocean contributes to its resources, and the largest lake system known adds varieties of fresh-water fish. Salmon from the Pacific coast and from Canada are set off against pompano and red-snapper from the Gulf of Mexico. It is no exaggeration to claim that no market can offer, as ours does, not less than three-score excellent kinds of food-fish in their different seasons. Many of these are unsurpassed in delicacy and richness of flavor. Even the vaunted sole and turbot of our British cousins cannot claim the palm over such delicious dishes as pompano and Spanish mackerel, while our trout and salmon are fully equal in excellence to, and far more plentiful and cheap than, the same varieties of fish in the Billingsgate Market. Such fresh-water fish as white-fish and salmon-trout, such products of the sea as sheep's-head, blue-fish, and the different varieties of bass, with a dozen others, are but little inferior to those already named. In the spring we have in the shad a kind of fish food whose delicacy is equalled by its low price, and which becomes almost a drug even with the poor.

The wholesale fish-market at the foot of Fulton Street, on the East River, is one of the many interesting institutions of New York. The market building is owned by the stock company of eighteen dealers who do business within its walls, and who mainly supply the vast demands of the metropolis; and what is more, send fish all over the country. New York being right at the gate of the sea, and naturally the greatest point of distribution from its railway connections, sends sea-food all over the country. The dealers who control the trade, though joint owners of the building, which is a capacious structure covering the front of a block, cooperate in no other way, as the keenest competition exists between them. The rear of the building is built out over the docks, where a large fleet of smacks may be seen unloading fish or preparing for another trip. Floats at the very steps give access to huge fish cars, which keep alive the creatures awaiting sale.

The wholesale dealers have three ways of getting their supplies. They own, or partly own, a fleet of from seventy-five to one hundred smacks, the captain in many cases being part proprietor. These stanch little schooners, built alike for speed and safety, can face almost any weather, and the hardy fishers are rarely stopped by anything but heavy storms. Could we follow the daring fellows to some of the more distant fishing-grounds, it would reveal a vision of the most picturesque quality—a fishing fleet at work, sturdy smacks riding at anchor like phantoms, rising through the gray mist as they rock on the long lazy swell, or dancing on waves that leap and exult under the splendor of noontide, hoarse cries passing from boat to boat, and the wild life of the sea tamed into a shy bondage to the human life which builds a brief village over its treacherous foam. This method, however, contributes only a moiety of the supply. Large quantities of fish are sent on order from Boston or Gloucester, Massachusetts, the latter-named place being the greatest fishery centre of the United States.

The railway lines have an admirably organized fish express, which comes by the fastest trains. A New York dealer can telegraph to Gloucester at 3 P.M., and receive his fish the next morning, delivered to him in perfect condition, though of course not alive. Great quantities are secured in this way from New England, and the dealer here can keep exact touch of his market, so swiftly are the deliveries made. In some cases, indeed, the dealer receiving an order from Chicago telegraphs to Gloucester or Boston to have the fish shipped directly—a transaction which would be credited to the New York market, though it would have nothing to do with the home supply of the city.

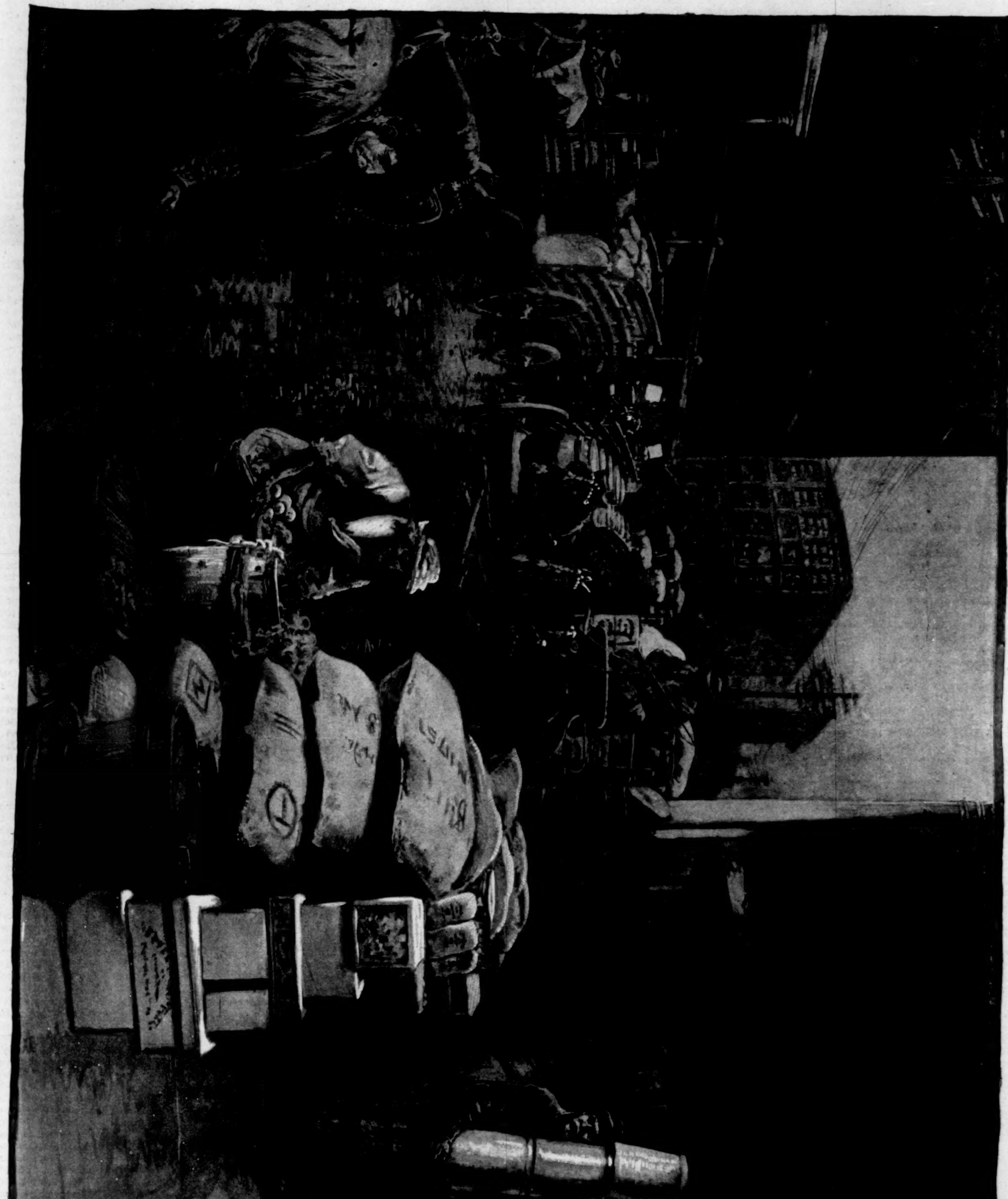
Again, large quantities of fish are taken on commission directly from smacks which make their own ventures, or from fishing stations and wholesale dealers all along the Southern seaboard, especially during the winter season, when the Northern fish supply begins to fall off in quantity. In the latter case smacks often bring on the cargo alive, or it may be sent North in refrigerator cars. All this class of business is done at the risk of the consigner. Oftentimes it becomes necessary for the dealer to dispose of a consignment of fish to prevent its spoiling. Then comes the paradise of the fish-peddler, who secures his wares at low prices, and the hideous cacophony of his bawling is added to the other disagreeable sounds of city life in the tenement-house districts. But the loss of fish, perishable as it is, is nowadays reduced to a minimum, from the facilities of cold-storage, which are being rapidly extended every year.

A few years ago statistics of the business were kept in the wholesale market at the instance of the United States Fish Commissioner; but this has been discontinued. According, however, to one of the oldest and most respected dealers, the average sale of fish in New York is 300,000 lbs., or 150 tons per day. Fully half of this finds its ultimate market out of New York. The wholesale fish-merchants, who stand at the entrance of the stream of supply, exercise a curiously strict etiquette in their dealings. They sell only to market-men and other minor dealers. They refuse to sell even to the great hotels, some of which, especially at the important watering-places, use thousands of pounds every week. The latter must look to the retail venders for their supply, who thus combine in many cases a heavy wholesale business with their regular market trade. This scrupulous dealing creates an *esprit de corps* and community of feeling in the fish-mongers' guild which do not exist in many other branches of the market. Reckoning half of the sales made in the wholesale division of the trade as meeting the local demand, we have a yearly distribution of fish in the metropolis amounting to 27,375 tons, or 54,750,000 lbs.

No city in the world devours more shell-fish than New York, and of course in this section of food exchange oysters hold the leading place. The head-quarters of the business in this delicious mollusk are on the North River, at the foot of Tenth Street. Here are moored some thirty or forty large barges, with their heads to the pier, each one of which is occupied by a wholesale dealer. Strings of wagons from restaurants and hotels are continually coming and going, and the little army of porters, with baskets of oysters on their shoulders, going back and forth over the gang-planks make a busy scene. Passing through a barge to the rear, we find ourselves looking on a broad basin crowded with oyster-smacks discharging their cargoes. The rank yet not disagreeable odor of shells pervades the air, and the faces of some of the old oystermen who lounge about or take part in the labors of the scene are as brown and knotty and moss-grown as the plump bivalves themselves. These barges have the business offices in an upper story, and the hold and the platform story are filled with oysters in heaps or in baskets. The fish which for the most part finds an outlet here is grown, or at least fattened, in Long Island Sound as far east as New Haven, and in the bays and estuaries of the ocean on the south side of Long Island and the New Jersey coast. Rhode Island and Massachusetts send some oysters to our market, as also do Maryland and Virginia, but the amount is comparatively small. Large quantities of Southern oysters are brought, however, to the waters adjacent to New York, and fattened there for six months or perhaps a year; and still larger numbers of seed oysters are planted in the vast submarine nurseries, which make the water acreage so much more valuable than the land.

The dealers controlling the oyster trade own an extensive fleet of smacks, and to a considerable extent do their own planting and rearing. They follow largely the same methods which guide the fish-merchants of Fulton Market. They buy directly of the oyster farmers, who have made the waters tributary to the great metropolis so productive, and also take consignments of the all-popular bivalve on commission; but the latter-named kind of business is not regarded with much favor. The fleet of oyster-boats which stream in and out of New York for eight months of the year rises into three ciphers, and the amount of capital invested in the culture which breeds this shell-fish for distribution from this point is enormous. Great as the expansion has been, however, it hardly keeps pace with the demand; and the fear is freely expressed by the more scientific oyster-culturists that unless a greater degree of skill, care, and knowledge is introduced into the business, it will soon become entirely inadequate to the need. What can be done in this direction is illustrated in the magnificent results at Arcachon, France, which have been imitated with equal success at many other points on the same coast. On the seventy acres of beds first started in 1860, not less than 300,000,000 oysters are now annually delivered to French and English consumption. But to this end the ablest scientists in France contributed, working under government supervision. The oyster, like all other creatures of the sea, is enormously prolific, and only needs scientific skill applied to its culture to yield the greatest returns. It is estimated by those students of marine life best competent to judge that the present oyster-beds of the United States could easily be made to bear at least double their present crop.

One distinctive fact involved in the oyster-producing problem is the vast output of the canning factories, which has been stimulated by the great demand throughout the country. Half-grown oysters are used in such quantities as to lessen what ought to be the full margin of production. To this must be added the demand for small oysters, which are eaten raw. New York not only sends oysters in the shell to all the important Western cities this side of the Rocky Mountains, but exports large quantities to Europe. The same influences which have restricted the proper development of the oyster have acted with still more force as respects the lobster, that most delicious of crustaceans. It is



AMONG THE WHOLESALE GROCERY AND COMMISSION HOUSES ON WASHINGTON STREET.